VOL. CCIX, No. 2723

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THE SPHERE, APRIL 19, 1952
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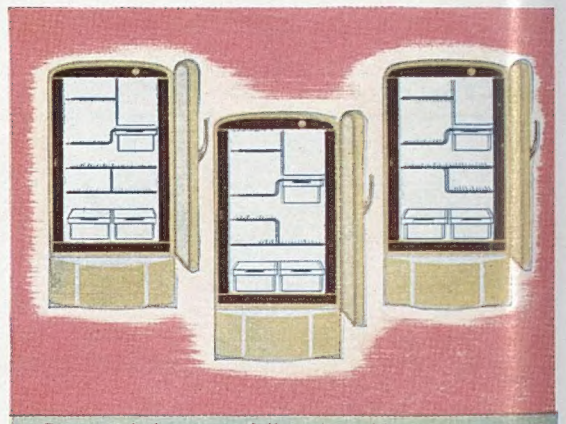

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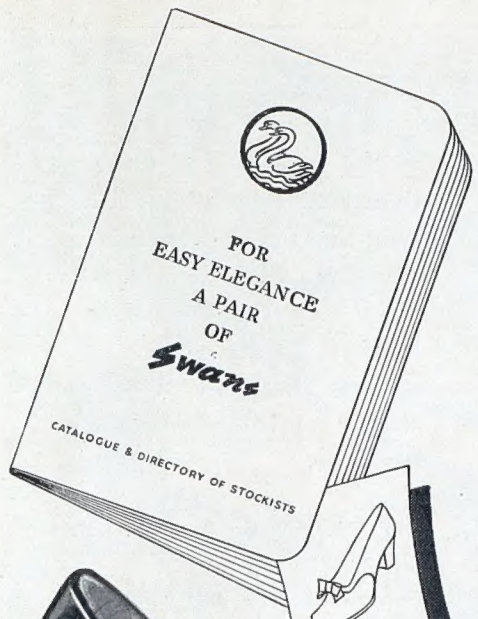

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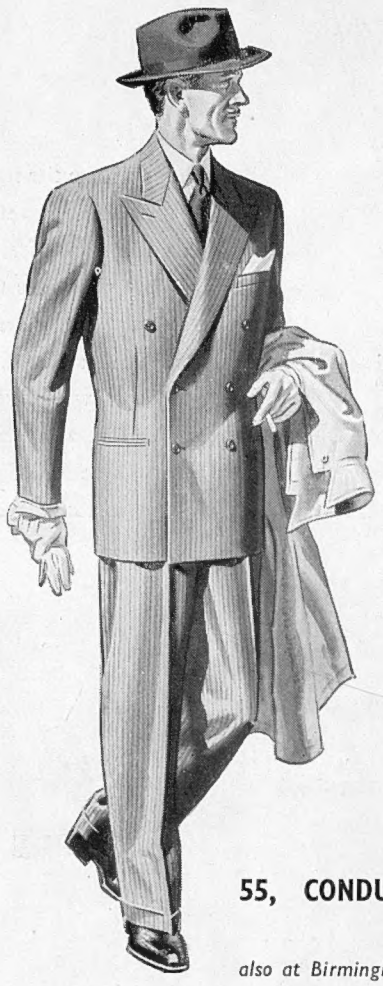

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Volume CCIX No. 2723 The SPHERE, London, April 19, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT OF HER REIGN—HER MAJESTY, CARRYING A POSY, PASSES THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF YEOMEN OF THE GUARD AFTER ATTENDING THE MAUNDY SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND DISTRIBUTING THE SPECIALLY MINTED MAUNDY MONEY : More than 5,000 people crowded the Abbey approaches to see the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. On the right of this picture is Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster, and just behind the Queen is the Bishop of Lichfield, the Lord High Almoner. After the ceremony the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left for Windsor, where they spent the Easter holidays.

The custom of distributing the Royal Maunds, or Maundy Money, began in 1368, in the reign of Edward III, and is a relic of the " washing of the feet " of poor people performed by the Sovereign or his Consort. James I distributed the doles personally, but later it became the function of the Lord High Almoner. This year the occasion had special significance, as it was the first public engagement of the Queen's reign. At the Abbey service the Queen distributed the specially minted Maundy money to twenty-six men and women. As many people as the Sovereign has years receive the money. The number of recipients last week was the smallest since Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

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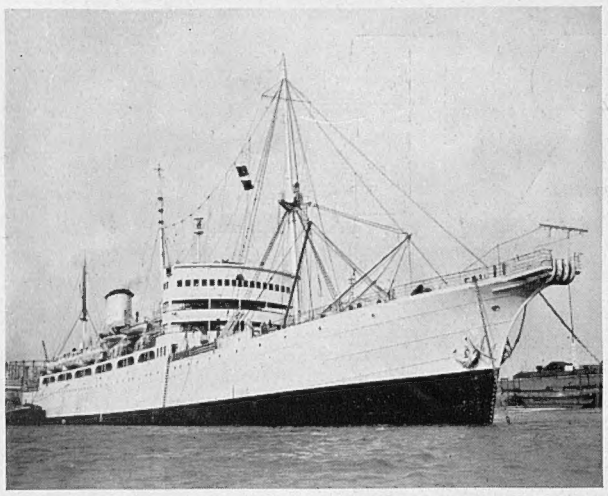
"MONARCH" AS A DOLLAR-EARNER



HER MAJESTY'S TELEGRAPH SHIP "MONARCH" AT GREENWICH BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR THE UNITED STATES: A farewell party was held aboard the *Monarch* before she set sail. She is the largest cable-laying ship in the world, and she is now embarking on the dollar-earning task of laying cables on the other side of the Atlantic for Bell Laboratories. *Monarch*, a vessel of 8,050 tons, operates on charter in many parts of the world. Much of her work has been done off the coasts of South America. *Monarch* is propelled by reciprocating engines, which give an excellent performance when she is going astern—an essential in a cable ship. Owing to her great size, she has the advantage of being able to operate in bad weather at a time when other ships would be sent scurrying for shelter.

COWES HAS A NEW DIESEL FERRY

LINKING COWES AND EAST COWES: This new Diesel electric ferry has recently been installed in the Isle of Wight. It has been designed and built by J. Bolson and Son, of Poole, Dorset. Like its predecessor, the ferry works on a series of hauling chains. It conveys both vehicles and passengers. Control cabins at each end of the ferry give clear visibility ahead and on either side.

A NEW CARPET FOR A CATHEDRAL ALTAR

PARISHIONERS MAKE A CARPET FOR THE NAVE ALTAR OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL: Members of the Cathedral Guild at Rochester, assisted by their husbands, have undertaken to make the new carpet and to have it ready for handing over at the Festival service of the Friends of Rochester Cathedral later this year. Some of the carpet-makers seen at work in the deanery of the Cathedral are, seated from left to right (in the front row), Mrs. Watson; Commander G. Wragge; Mrs. Pring; Mr. H. R. Watson; Mrs. Rayner; Dr. C. White (who is seventy-eight) and Mr. H. F. Rayner. Other members of the Guild are seated in the background. The carpet is being made in fourteen sections, and when joined together the whole will measure 30 ft. by 9 ft. In the foreground of the picture two of the finished sections are seen joined together. The carpet is being worked in an old Persian pattern in reds, blues and greens, with cross-stitch. There will be 131,736 stitches in each section, making a total of 1,844,304 stitches in the completed carpet, excluding joining.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The L.C.C. Election.—Mr. Morrison was quite entitled to his halloo over the recent L.C.C. election results. What it tells *me* is that, if there were a General Parliamentary Election next month, the Socialists would probably step in again with the present or a more slender majority reversed. But for my part I cannot see a sweeping majority for any party for years to come. I think we are doomed to be governed by snap votes. For the country is sharply and about equally divided into two nations, and an inconsiderable number of wobblers wobble left or right. I am sure no 1950 Labour voter will change his allegiance through the achievements of the Tories. Year by year, the newly enfranchised will probably increase the Labour majority, but it will take time. For the supporters of Tory and Liberal opinion and policy, in their anxiety not to be governed by Bevans, are every whit as obstinate political last-ditchers. Perhaps Mr. Bevan's Testament will allay their fears, but they should not count on it. Perhaps Mr. Churchill should find time, amid his more serious preoccupations, to re-examine his faith in the "basic good sense of the man-in-the-street." The Socialists are more successful in propaganda. They are adepts at the "big and little loaf," "the Chinese labour" form of election propaganda, and I think they have a truer (or more cynical) idea of that "basic good sense." The British voter is not so successfully governed that he can be left to make up his mind with the aid of his basic good sense. He needs carrots and spurs and persuasion. In the early months of a new administration, election promises are vividly remembered and compared with *results* to date. And it is true that (thanks to Socialist errors and economic chances) we are not yet much freer from restraints or better fed or housed than we were. But it all takes time and something has already been done to stop the rot. It is wise to publish any such results loudly and often. Olympian dignity and silence—"wait and see"—may be fine among *homines sapientes*. Meanwhile . . . . the tide is already turning in favour of the shrewder propagandists who are not ashamed of doubtful weapons, even poison-gases.

Mr. Butler's Remedies for Unemployment.—Mr. Butler, before the House rose, announced his plans to relieve unemployment in the textile trades. He resisted a strong appeal to remove *pro tem.* the purchase tax on textiles. He denied that purchase tax was a prime cause of the recession. He argued that if he removed it, the whole design of his Budget would be destroyed, with a loss to the revenue of around £90,000,000. Even if removal *pro tem.* of purchase tax produced a home buying boom, that boom would soon end with home replenishment, and the situation would again be one of slump. He announced instead his plan to place orders for Army clothing, etc., which would be needed before the defence plan was implemented, immediately and to the value of £20,000,000 or more, and these orders would be placed in the areas most affected, the output to be stored until drawn on. It is difficult for Opposition or other critics to throw a stone at this decision. Our ears have been dinned over the last years with the errors of Government during the frightful years of 'tween wars unemployment. Always the obvious duty and policy of the Governments concerned—so fatally neglected—lay in State capital investment for the future to afford immediate employment—on public works, on road development and repair, and so forth. This is exactly what Mr. Butler plans to do. If he is paying it with cotton-linings, he is none the less employing the nostrum exactly as propounded.

In Place of Fear.—Oh dear! I have been dipping into Mr. Aneurin Bevan's Testament, or nostrum, for a world to be set free from fear. How glad he must be—for he has cashed in on the fact—that half the voters in this country are still in that early stage of education where long words and obscure jargon—gobble-goose *in excelsis*—still wear the mask of reason, when "streams of liquid glue" stick on vacant minds. So bitter is the author's gall, so intense his spite against the "over-dogs" of his youth, so overweening his vanity, so patent his desire to be acclaimed a prophet and a saviour, that one is forced to consider the possibility that the title of his book has been transposed and that he writes *in fear of place*. The months pass and the saviour of his country is still left to kick his heels in the wilderness. For the only conclusion that a reasonable man can come to after drowning in the glue of his arguments, after being deafened by the rumbling of his rhodomontade, and stunned by the sledge-hammers of his appeals to emotionalism and blind prejudice, is that Aneurin Bevan is already frustrated in the wilderness and foaming at the mouth for place and power again. "In place of fear," he asks us to substitute the wise direction of a leader whose hates are so widespread and uncontrolled as to suggest a nasty child in a tantrum kicking its toys round the nursery and whose mind is so muddled by vanity and hate that he pulverises them on the nursery floor with his own nose. It is indeed a sad reflection that so many who can read print will pay more attention to this testament than to the Bible, and will shake their heads here and vigorously nod them there over Mr. Bevan's shocking revelations of capitalist crimes and his own remedies. Glue and gall and vitriol in place of fear.

Liquid Glue.—The glue pours out in the well-worn phrases of the early pioneers of Socialism, "cut-throat competition," "the whip of fear," "ideological" this and that. But, owing to the incompetence of all his colleagues (who do not agree with him), the main planks of Socialism have been badly laid. Nationalisation of industry is not a matter of "consolidating the present relationship between public and private enterprise." Vital industries have hitherto been nationalised all wrong; they are a "constitutional outrage." They should have been put under the direct control of a Government department, itself directed by a man of brains and vision (like a former Health Minister). As for the fear of war, it is a bogy, and all these millions spent on self-defence sheer lunacy. This is a sovereign remedy against Communist infiltration. You have only to pour the defence money into the backward nations by a great scheme of "capital investment" and then everybody is happy and comfortable, and has nice thoughts about his neighbour. Does history confirm this? History only began when Mr. Bevan entered Parliament. How soon will the remedy show results? The danger of war is this year, next year. Can you achieve complete results from a brilliant "programme of capital investment" in backward countries in a matter of weeks? Glue, card-houses cemented with paste, and an angry, vain, spoilt child alternatively building-up and kicking-down! "Oh that mine enemy would write a book." Mr. Bevan enjoys making enemies, but I doubt if he has any very bitter enemy to chuckle over this child's guide to political wisdom. Our tears are for England, Scotland and Wales and for the voters therein who are easy victims of demagogues-in-gobble-de-goose.

The Latter End of Reformers.—I wish that Max Beerbohm would take his pencil and add Bevan to his collection of "Young Self and Old Self" cartoons. I shall not live to see Aneuran Bevan in old age, but with the eye of faith in frail human nature, it is possible to see a very different portrait of the latest Welsh demagogue in serene old age. In about 1900 David Lloyd George was not altogether unlike him. He, too, had bitter memories of a frustrated youth and a hard childhood. He, too, hated the rich and saw oppression in every act of a landlord. He, too, had the Celtic arts and fire of the demagogue and could move the uneducated and the hothead to transports of righteous indignation. He, too, was vain, ambitious and spoiling for power. But Earl Lloyd-George of Dwyfor, the pride of the Valley at Tilford, was quite another story to that of his Younger Self. He had very different and definite ideas about the rights of property and individual ownership, and his little

A CAMP FOR BRITAIN'S LITTLE BAND OF WON'T-WORKERS

WHERE THE HARDENED INDIVIDUALIST CAN LEARN NEW WAYS: This camp in the Clent Hills near Birmingham is Britain's first experimental hostel for the work-shy. According to Mr. C. J. Bentley, Midland Regional Controller of the National Assistance Board, it is designed for individualists who have lost the will to work. Each man goes to the camp for a trial period, in which time he is sorted out either as a potential success or failure. Questions have been asked in Parliament regarding why this establishment is still kept on.

cottage and cabbage patch in Surrey were extremely well found in modern comforts and appliances. The trouble with demagogues is that before they can be shepherded to serene and old-fashioned middle-age, so many people must suffer for their vanity and ambition and muddle-mindedness. Lloyd George, at any rate, had genius as well as driving power. Mr. Bevan's genius is as yet non-proven. It may blossom late. A verdict has been reached on his common sense and ability as an author, and it is a fairly unanimous verdict.

The Fitzwilliam Inheritance.—The death of the 9th Earl Fitzwilliam inevitably recalled the *cause célèbre* in the Courts last year. The winner in that cause now succeeds as 10th Earl. He is unmarried, and if he leaves no son, the earldom will die out at his death. These facts may recall another curious circumstance—how soon, how very soon, an apparently impregnable male descent may be nullified by Time and Chance. George III is a *locus classicus*. He had seven stout sons, yet the ultimate devolution of the Crown was very much in the air within a few years of his death, and it was the sole daughter of the strategic marriage of his fourth son who succeeded his (officially) childless third son, seventeen years after George III's death. In the Fitzwilliam peerage, the 6th Earl had fourteen children, eight of them sons. He died in 1902. Fifty years later, there remained no male issue of this galaxy of sons to succeed to the title. It was necessary to go back to the cadets of the 5th Earl, who was born nearly two centuries ago. The chances of world wars have made such holocausts of male heirs more common than normal in these days of far longer expectation of life. Oddly enough, in the Fitzwilliam case, the chances of war had little to do with the wastage. There is still a tithe left of the once great inheritance, built on coal and other assets, of this ancient family, which can be clearly traced back, on the same lands in Yorkshire, to the twelfth century.

Nazi Revenants.—If any man deserved to join the select band of chronic revenants, of whom the Dauphin of the Temple is *locus classicus*, that man would be Hitler. Some of these revenants return on a wave of romance or sentiment, some on a wave of *nostalgie de la boue*. The evil that men do lives after them, Hitler's in particular. His personal beastliness was no doubt purged with fire in the mouth of his bunker, but there are always people ready and anxious to believe that he still lives. And now the raising of sunken U-boats off the coast of Denmark—all found with provisions for a voyage to South America—revives the legend that Hitler and his Eva, and perhaps Goebbels and family, were flown to Doenitz's headquarters on the Danish frontier to join a U-boat prepared for their evasion. It don't seem to me to matter much whether Hitler's ashes poison the soil of Berlin or the Danish foreshore. *I* am satisfied he was burnt, not drowned. The thing that matters is that he is dead. The devil has his own. The romantics haven't a leg to stand on.

Running Commentaries.—The sporting events which preceded the Easter holidays confirmed my opinion that the technique of the running commentary broadcast is still in its infancy. A vast amount of training is necessary to produce an adequate degree of competence for a swiftly moving event. Competence has been attained in slow-moving events by the B.B.C. Thus, a ceremony such as a funeral procession, a lying-in-state, a coronation, has been and can be handled with dignity and beauty, to general satisfaction. Creating atmosphere is half the art. Something can be made of golf and cricket. On the other hand, lawn tennis, boxing, football and racing make demands on the commentator which with the present technique he cannot fulfil. He is liable at any moment to become ridiculous, In the amateur commentary on the National, the lady commentator lamentably revealed the difficulty of the job and the impertinence of attempting it without experience. The contrast between that amateur team and the B.B.C.'s trained men was extraordinary. Yet it is foolish to suggest that the B.B.C. have mastered the art in swift-moving events. Boxing and football broadcasts, with their constant repetitions of catch phrases and jargon, seldom rise above farce and provoke irreverent giggles all the time. I am sure that the guiding principles of such commentary need revision. But those of us who can still find comedy even in such grave matters as sport and games, have much to be grateful for in the efforts of running commentators. What could be more delightful than the portmanteau synonyms of Miss Paget's Legal Joy, "Dorothy's Joy," "Legal Paget," and "Dorothy Legate"? Thanks to these public servants, there is still some fun to be got from sport.

THE OLD STAGER

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

SOME MISCHIEVOUS ADDITIONS TO THE LONDON ZOO

SOME OF THE 240 INDIAN RHESUS MONKEYS WHICH ARE NOW IN POSSESSION OF MONKEY HILL AT THE LONDON ZOO: Monkey Hill has been without monkeys for more than ten years. Before the war it housed first baboons and then Rhesus monkeys, and now, with a starting population of 240, the enclosure has again been stocked with this charming, medium-sized Indian monkey. The Rhesus is perhaps the best-known of all the smaller monkeys. In some parts of India they swarm the railway-stations, often entering a compartment, snatching food or bright objects from under the noses of passengers, and decamping to the safety of near-by roof-tops again before the bewildered traveller has understood the nature of the raid. Although they are a great nuisance, troops of them often wreaking havoc among the crops, they are still held in great veneration by some Hindus and killing them may arouse considerable local indignation. They feed mainly on fruit, seeds and insects, and grow to a length of about 2 ft. As pets they are popular and charming, but cannot always be trusted. The new colony on Monkey Hill will be a lively addition to the many new attractions of the London Zoo.

HEAVY FLOODING IN THE FRANKFURT AREA OF WEST GERMANY

BEFORE THE APRIL SHOWERS—THE CONFLUENCE OF THE WEST GERMAN RIVERS NIDDER (LEFT) AND NIDDA IS INUNDATED AFTER HEAVY RAINS AND THAWING SNOW: The confluence is situated about ten miles north-east of Frankfurt. The village on the left by the Nidder River is Gronau. The flooding was caused by heavy rain and the general thaw which followed the severe snowstorms which swept across Europe at the end of March. A short while ago reports stated that lower parts of the old city of Frankfurt had become flooded when the Rhine rose far above normal. At the beginning of April the river was reported to be steady at 14 ft. above normal. During the recent severe wintry weather on the Continent the temperature in Russia fell to 18 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, the lowest recorded in the Moscow area for the time of the year in 100 years.

JACKFIELD'S FATE IS IN THE BALANCE

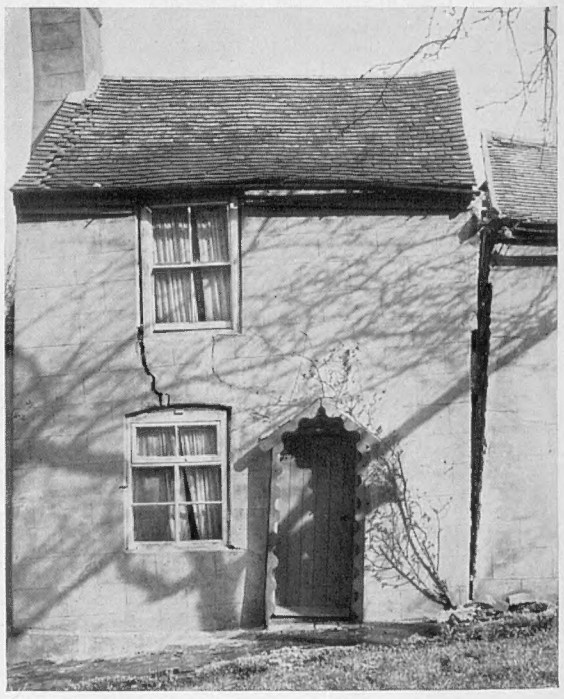
Houses and Roads Crack and Subside as a Landslide Threatens to Cut this Shropshire Village in Two

During the past few months the Shropshire village of Jackfield, in the Borough of Wenlock, has moved slowly towards the River Severn. Houses there are cracking and crumbling and the roads are subsiding. Just before Easter the situation deteriorated and plans were made to evacuate a further 200 of the 700 residents. A notice was posted warning motorists that the main road was dangerous and the Post Office stopped mail vans running into the village. The main cause of the threatened landslide has been located in the clay quarries situated on the hillside, which were abandoned in 1940 and which are now filled with water. The weight of millions of gallons of water is forcing the hillside off its base of rock. The Clerk of the Council, Mr. A. G. Matthews, has said that Ministry of Works experts have been sent to examine the underground movements and to report on the fate of the village. Each day as the villagers report further cracks in the walls of their houses, gangs of men struggle to keep open the Severn Valley railway line from Birmingham to Shrewsbury, which carries 10,000 tons of coal a month. About fifty buildings are standing at crazy angles, and the first movements have appeared in the walls of the parish church. The gas main close to the main road has cracked and a new one has been laid on the surface.

A SHROPSHIRE VILLAGE SLIPS TOWARDS THE RIVER SEVERN: Children of Jackfield village walk along the road by the River Severn, unaware of the havoc being caused to the road and to the houses seen leaning precariously in the background. The main cause of the threatened landslide, however, has been attributed to the clay quarries located on the hillside.

THE LEANING HOUSES OF JACKFIELD: About fifty buildings in the village are already standing at crazy angles. The main road through the village has cracked down the middle and the village may be cut in two. A notice has been posted warning motorists that they use the road, running parallel with the river, at their own risk and peril. The post office mail vans have stopped running into the village, but the grocery and milk roundsmen still edge their vehicles along the cratered road from the near-by village of Ironbridge.

TWO OF THE DOOMED HOUSES: *Above* and *below* are seen two of the houses which have become cracked through the subsidence. By last week-end several persons had already been evacuated, and a further 200 were standing by to move at short notice.



MR. J. W. BOWEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SINCE 1949, HANDS OVER HIS OFFICE TO MR. EDWIN BAYLISS: Mr. Bayliss (left) has been Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C.

THE NEWLY-ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL PRESIDES OVER THE OPENING MEETING AFTER THE ELECTIONS IN WHICH LABOUR SWEPT BACK INTO POWER WITH ONE OF ITS HIGHEST MAJORITIES: Seated on the dais is Mr. Edwin Bayliss, an Old Contemptible of the 1914-18 war, who was unanimously elected to succeed Mr. J. W. Bowen, who had held office in the past three years. On his right hand is Mr. D. A. G. Prichard, Mayor of Battersea, who was elected Vice-Chairman, and on his left hand Major F. W. Beech, a Conservative, who was elected Deputy-Chairman. In addition to electing the members of "The Dais," the Council also elected ten Aldermen, nine Labour and one Conservative. In this session there are forty-one women members of the Council, an increase of eight. Thirty of them are Socialists. The London County Council Elections on April 3 were the prelude to similar elections throughout the country, in most of which the swing to Labour was apparent, particularly in Lancashire, where the Socialists captured the Council for the first time.

LONDON'S PARLIAMENT IN SESSION

The First Meeting of the County Council After the Recent Elections

FROM LAGOS AND BECHUANALAND THEY CAME TO PLEAD

Colonial Visitors Who Were in London Last Week

PLEADING HIS CAUSE IN THE CAPITAL OF EMPIRE: Chief Oniru (second from left) with members of his entourage in London. He came over from Nigeria shortly before Easter to put before the Privy Council his claims in a land case. With him he has brought his 100-year-old silver staff, which is seen in the hands of his secretary, Mr. Adebayo Aromire.

MEN WITH A MISSION—THE DELEGATES OF THE BAMANGWATO TRIBE WHO FLEW INTO LONDON JUST BEFORE EASTER TO TRY TO WIN BACK SERETSE KHAMA AS THEIR CHIEF: Peto Segkoma, Kobe Baitswi, Moutlatsi Mopotokwane, Mongwakets Mathangwane, Keoboka Kgamage and Gaothobogwe Leposo, seen on arrival at London Airport. There was no one at the Airport to meet them, despite the fact that the Commonwealth Relations Office usually has at least one official to meet African notables. Seretse Khama himself was not there, because, it is explained, the custom of the Bamangwato tribe is that his people go to him, not he to them. Lord Salisbury, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, said three weeks ago that Seretse is not the Chief of the Bamangwato and never can be. He did, however, agree to see this delegation, which hoped to change his mind on the vexed question. Even when Lord Salisbury announced his willingness to see the tribal representatives he gave a host of reasons why he should not see them, and indicated very plainly to Parliament that he did not intend to change his mind in the matter of the chieftainship

MALTA ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP AND FAMOUS CARRIER IN GRAND HARBOUR

THE CRUISE OF THE "AMERIGO VESPUCCI": The Italian cadet training-ship, named after the man who is said to have discovered America a year before Columbus, seen entering Grand Harbour, Malta, during the course of a recent cruise. The *Amerigo Vespucci*, built at Castellammare in 1930, has a displacement of 3,543 tons and a sail area of 22,600 sq. ft. Her Fiat Diesels give her a speed of 10.5 knots. Her hull, masts and yards are of steel. The ship's complement is 400 and, in addition, 150 midshipmen are carried. On arrival in Maltese waters the *Amerigo Vespucci* came in to port under Diesel power.

THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "OCEAN" SETS OUT FROM MALTA FOR SERVICE IN KOREAN WATERS: *Left*—The crane on *Ocean's* flight-deck is painted prior to the departure of the vessel. *Right*—Drummers and pipers of the Highland Light Infantry playing a farewell to H.M.S. *Ocean* as she set out for the Far East. *Ocean* is to relieve her sister-ship *Glory*. She is a vessel of 13,350 tons and, like other ships of her class, she is insulated for tropical service and partially air-conditioned. Another sister-ship, *Warrior*, has played a part in the Far Eastern war, engaging in a shuttle service on trooping duties. Another sister-ship, *Colossus*, was sold to France.

HITLER'S BUNKER, WITH THE LID OFF—LOOKING DOWN INTO ONE OF THE CELLS WHERE HITLER AND EVA BRAUN DIED BEFORE THE COLLAPSE OF BERLIN: The ruins of the two-block square of Hitler's Reichs Chancellery in what is now the Russian sector of Berlin have been demolished by dynamite and this picture shows one of the thirty cells in the underground stronghold where the Führer spent his last desperate hours. Goebbels, with his wife and children, also met his death here after receiving injections of poison. In the background are parts of a concrete pillbox destroyed by the dynamite.

WHERE HITLER DIED

Ruins of the Nazi Chancellery in East Berlin Have Now Been Razed by Dynamite

On left—

A SECTION OF THE VAULTS BENEATH HITLER'S CHANCELLERY AFTER DYNAMITE HAD FORCED OPEN THE BOMB-PROOF CELLS: The magnificent building that stood here exists now only in the pages of history books, but beyond, in the background of this picture, is a sterner memorial—the propaganda headquarters of the Russian sector. While it has been said most emphatically in official reports that there is conclusive evidence that the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun were burnt by S.S. men after they had committed suicide beneath the Chancellery, rumours that the Führer escaped from Berlin persist in cropping up. It was recently reported that a submarine sunk by the R.A.F. in Danish waters three days before Germany signed the surrender agreement may have been carrying escaping Nazis. Salvage operators found the U-boat's torpedo-tubes filled with foodstuffs, presumably for a long voyage. The identity of a number of skeletons found inside the hull has not so far been established.

A Foreign News Commentary

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad, with Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Okinawa, Victory and Tragedy.—Okinawa is best known on this side of the Atlantic by reason of the high-powered films woven by Hollywood in latter years round the island campaign of 1945. There 's a good reason for such slim acquaintance: the campaign from April to June coincided with such final happenings in Europe, as completely riveted Europeans' attention.

We are reminded of this by American commemorations of the seventh anniversary of the landing.

For Americans, Okinawa represents at once a great tactical victory and a ghastly tragedy. There is something of Normandy D-Day about it, and something of the Dardanelles 1915.

Okinawa looms in retrospect for another reason too: had no atom bomb been ready, or had President Truman refused to use it, this Pacific isle 325 miles from Japan would have been the main base for the Allied assault on that country, and Japan was believed to hold 2,000,000 troops and to be dug in to the eyelids.

Hence the Japanese efforts to hold the island at all costs; their extravagant naval and air expenditure (4,000 planes), and the fact that at the end only a few hundred of Japanese soldiers survived from an original garrison of 60,000 men.

It was off Okinawa that the Japanese suicide technique—airmen, boatmen and even swimmers—was carried to zenith, a fact the Americans were to remember in the shape of 100 warships lost or severely damaged.

The landing on Easter Sunday gave the highest hopes. After a terrific bombardment and a feint which succeeded, the 10th Army advanced 3 miles into an island only 10 miles wide by 65 miles long, and captured two airfields. The second day, too, was a winner; the Marines cut the island in two. But that was all that came to cheer the Americans for, it seemed, an age of carnage. They had hoped to take the island in forty days; they took eighty-two days.

The fault lay in thinking that the Japanese would go north into difficult country after the bisecting of the island. The bulk of them went south, and thereafter the invaders waged two campaigns: a terribly costly mopping-up in the north and an all-out onslaught in the south.

Their General Buckner died in battle four days before the end. The Americans lost 12,000 killed and missing, had 47,000 casualties all told. Much of this was caused by crowding too many men on to surfaces too small.

The Americans are likely to keep a hand on Okinawa long into the future. It is still the final stepping-stone to Japan, coming from the Pacific.

OKINAWA, SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE D-DAY LANDINGS OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS—MOST OF THE WRECKAGE OF WAR HAS BEEN REMOVED, AND THIS HARBOUR PICTURE IS OF TYPHOON DAMAGE ALSO DATING FROM 1945: Typhoon-damaged ships are still to be found in Buckner Bay and other shallow-water harbours on Okinawa, where small craft were destroyed by the hundred. The 1945 typhoon was the worst in the history of the island. It took place in October, and there were heavy casualties both among the natives and the occupying troops.

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF MARMORU SHIGEMITSU: The former Japanese Foreign Minister, who signed the Japanese document of surrender in 1945, seen with his daughter Hanako at Kamakura, where Mr. Shigemitsu has lived since his release from prison. He is now a possible candidate for high office in Japan. Mr. Shigemitsu is crippled, and can only walk with the aid of crutches.

Shigemitsu in the Ascendant.—What is a "de-purged" 10rmer Foreign Minister?

A likely candidate for the Premiership, if the case of Mamoru Shigemitsu is anything to go by. Mamoru signed the surrender in 1945. Now, after a prison spell and that distressingly named cleansing treatment, he asserts that his country's best hope is to go along with the U.S.A.

Other news from Japan suggests that the Rising Sun is beginning to show above the horizon again. The Japanese are protesting that foreign firms are monopolising business and the slumping textile industry in particular.

Communism feeds on such a climate, and, whether accidentally or not, the Nippon variety has never been more bold. They deny the Government any real strength, beyond control of production and military transportation, and call for an armed organisation to start revolt. And, meanwhile, all Mao Tse-tung's writings are being translated into Japanese.

On right—

The U Nu Broom in Burma.—Paddling her own canoe, when she might have had Commonwealth backing in her early years of nationhood, Burma has entered a new political phase with the advent of U Nu at the head of a preponderantly Socialist Government in Rangoon. U Nu calls vibrantly for a Welfare State on the anniversary of revolt against the Japanese invader—but is there the wherewithal?

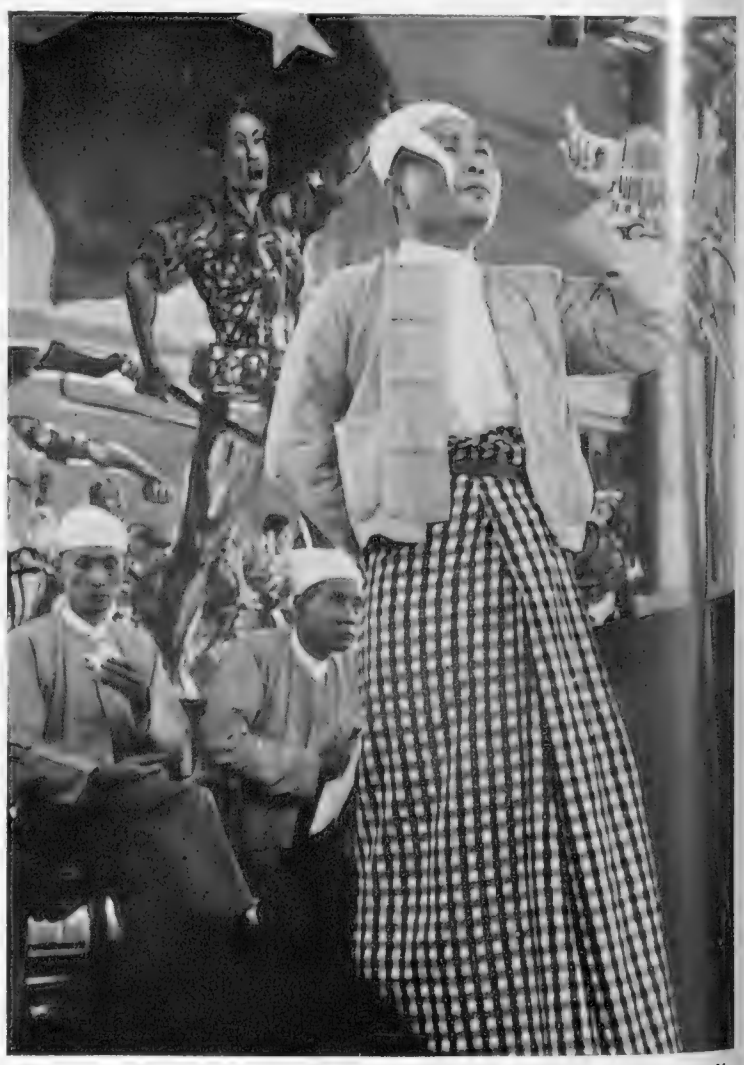
Welfare States can hardly be built when a Government hasn't the strength to cope, as it should, with Communist insurgents and fry like the Karens, out to carve a national State of their own. And then there are the very latest: the "imperialist aggressors" in the Shan States, who are none other than Kuomintang troops presumed to be under one of Chiang Kai-shek's henchmen, General Li Mi.

The word "pacification" has a distinct connotation, which is that of a long-drawn-out process, with the armed agents of government moving from place to place, now making headway, now losing again what they 've won over, and Burma is no exception to the rule.

The Central Government is handicapped by having too few troops and not enough administrators worth their salt.

This big and difficult country is no easy one to operate in, while it can be infiltrated from over the Chinese border. The general impression given, is of patching-up measures, now here, now there, and with the insurgents sometimes closing in again, where they have had to back out.

An exception has been a successful push against the main Red base round Meiktila. Along with that, perhaps the most satisfactory news covering the last six months refers to relatively undisturbed traffic on the Rangoon-Mandalay Railway, and down the Irrawaddy.



THE BURMESE PREMIER MAKES A RESISTANCE DAY SPEECH: Premier U Nu speaking at Rangoon, when he appealed for the creation of a Welfare State. Resistance Day is the anniversary of the Burmese revolt against the Japanese invaders during the Second World War.

YET ANOTHER NEW YORK AIR DISASTER—SEARCHING AMONG THE WRECKAGE IN THE HEAVILY-POPULATED JAMAICA AREA OF QUEENS AFTER A TWIN-ENGINED CARGO PLANE HAD CRASHED : The plane was attempting to make an instrument landing at near-by Idlewild International Airport. When it fell it ripped through one two-storey frame house, hit a police car and crashed in flames into two other homes. Seven people were killed in this catastrophe.

On left—

The Air Approaches to New York.—The whole question of how commercial aircraft should approach New York, greatest hub of air traffic in the Western Hemisphere, and maybe, with London, in the world, has been violently thrown up for revision by reason of the fifth air disaster in the metropolitan area since December.

On this occasion—a crash in the suburb of Jamaica—blame has been squarely put on the pilot of the C 46 Commando cargo plane, who hung around at low altitude while waiting to land, instead of going higher, as instructed. The result was a crash on a crowded road and block of flats. But angry residents near the city's chief airports are not going to be put off by "the personal factor."

After the terrible crashes at Elizabeth, New Jersey, which took 119 lives, they say something is radically wrong with the system of flying into New York. They say the airfields at Idlewild, La Guardia and Newark are too closely situated to the high buildings of the suburbs. That at Newark has been closed, but it is improbable that either La Guardia or Idlewild will be ordered to do likewise. Such would be a panic measure to deal with a state of affairs which may offer a quite easy and obvious solution.

It is urged, in effect, that all planes using these airports should make their approaches and departures over water instead of over land. Fortunately, Manhattan, Long Island and New Jersey are a thoroughly watery trio, so there should be small difficulty in marking out the new lanes of approach.

That the recent disasters have hardly involved the leading air lines is worthy of note. The worst two had to do with charter planes taking large loads at cut rates to a Florida holiday. The latest crash involved a Commando plane, which reminds one that much extra traffic is now created at civilian airports by Service exigencies.

One long-term effect of New York's angry outburst is likely to be the systematic placing of all future airfields at a safe distance from the bigger centres of population : if necessary relying on the helicopter to speed up entry into the city itself.

On right—

Spandau's Amicable Co-operation.—As the cold war evolves, with the United States and Russia as its principal protagonists, there remains only one spot on all the earth where the armed soldiers of each meet in amicable co-operation, and it is in a prison.

Russians have lately handed over to Americans the monthly guard duty on the seven surviving top-ranking Nazi war criminals in Spandau Prison, in the British Sector of Berlin. This is the last regular ceremonial in which the four occupying Powers join. Each does a month's guard duty, British and French rotating next.

The ceremony has been performed over sixty times since the prisoners were incarcerated after the Nuremberg trials of 1946, and this underlines an unawaited circumstance : that they should all be still alive and relatively well after such a protracted close confinement in a prison so grim, grey and gloomy as Spandau.

The oldest, von Neurath, will be eighty this year ; the youngest, Shirach, is heading for fifty. The others are Raeder, Doenitz, Speer, Funk and Hess.

THE RED GUARDS OF SPANDAU—RUSSIAN TROOPS COMING OFF DUTY AT THE FAMOUS GERMAN PRISON WHERE THEY TAKE TURNS WITH THE WESTERN ALLIES IN MAINTAINING WATCH OVER THE SEVEN "TOP NAZIS" : As Ferdinand Tuohy points out, Spandau remains the last bridge in East-West co-operation in Germany.

Below—

Stalin in the Public Eye.—Public activity on the part of Mr. Stalin is growing to be so rare that a photograph of him seated separately from the thirteen other members of the Politburo, at a meeting of the Soviet Presidium, was eagerly scrutinised by interested parties.

Through the haze, he looks all of his seventy-two years, and the picture tends to support reiterated statements that he is ageing through heart weakness. Yet the Indian Ambassador, who spoke with Stalin for half an hour (the first time for more than two years that the latter had received a foreign envoy), said afterwards that Mr. Stalin looked "well and normal" and in his usual uniform.

A third personal intervention by the Russian dictator took the form of replies to questions put by American provincial editors. The questions really broke new ground, and the wily old Georgian had no difficulty in deflecting any barbs they may have contained.

Observers in Moscow, while agreeing that the vamping-up of Stalin's statements by the Soviet organs of publicity was overdone, are inclined to see a positive manœuvring at top Russian level.

On left—

MARSHAL STALIN ATTENDS A MEETING OF THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATED REPUBLIC : This picture, taken from the front page of the Russian newspaper *Izvestia*, shows Stalin seated alone (on right). Seated slightly behind Stalin and on his right hand is Mr. Molotov, in front of whom is Marshal Voroshilov, one of the heroes of the Patriotic War. The chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Mr. Nicholas Shvernik, is immediately in front of Marshal Voroshilov. The meeting, which lasted thirty minutes, ratified interim decrees and elected a new Supreme Court of the Federated Republic for five years. At the end of the meeting Marshal Stalin stood beneath a big statue of Lenin. He was applauded by the delegates, who cried "Long live Stalin, the great leader of the Soviet peoples!" The ovation lasted for five minutes until Marshal Stalin left the meeting hall.

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

EVENTS ABROAD DURING RECENT DAYS

THE APRIL SNOWFALL IN STOCKHOLM: On April 1, when the Swedish capital, like the rest of Europe, was awaiting the coming of spring, it started snowing, and within a few hours the city streets were laden with snow. Clearing operations were soon under way, and a lorry is seen in this picture tipping snow on to the ice of Lake Malaren. In the background on the left is the familiar tower of Stockholm Town Hall. On the right is the "old town."

DOLLAR AID FOR THE DUTCH NAVY: The Dutch War Minister, Cornelis Staf, signing the agreement at The Hague whereby the Netherlands will pay in American dollars for eighteen minesweepers built in Dutch yards under the first United States "Offshore Procurement Programme." On completion the warships will become part of the Royal Dutch Navy, and will become available for use within the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Seated on the Minister's right hand is Vice-Admiral J. Cary Jones, of the U.S. Navy, and on his left hand is Commander Gordon Rule. Standing behind the Minister is the U.S. Ambassador to the Netherlands.

THE OPENING OF A MOMENTOUS SESSION OF THE ARAB LEAGUE IN CAIRO: Aly El-Muayad, the Yemenite delegate to the Arab League meeting, delivering the inaugural speech in his capacity as chairman of the previous session. Seated round the table are representatives of member States overlooked by Pressmen and officials. The meeting was held to be of great significance particularly in view of the rapidly-deteriorating situation in French North Africa, and the dismissal and subsequent arrest of the four Tunisian Ministers by the French.

DISMISSED BY THE FRENCH: Salah Ben Youssef, Minister of Justice in the Tunisian Government, and Mohammed Badra, Minister of Social Affairs, carrying brief-cases as they arrived in Cairo for a series of conferences with Arab and Asian diplomats in an attempt to bring the Tunisian case before the United Nations. On arrival in Cairo they issued a statement in which they condemned the appointment of the new Tunisian Government, which, they said, had been brought about by pressure from France. They added that they would certainly have been arrested had they stayed two hours longer in Paris. Meanwhile, in Tunis, M. Baccouche met with delay after delay in forming a new Government.

FRENCH AND SPANISH TROOPS ENTER TANGIER TO KEEP ORDER AT THE BEHEST OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF CONTROL: Captain Sanchez-Costa leading a squadron of Spanish cavalry through the streets. He was followed by a French light tank platoon and they marched through the principal boulevards and the central market-place, scene of the recent anti-French rioting. The decision to invite the intervention of foreign troops was warmly debated in the Committee of Control and was finally adopted only after both Administrator Joze Archer, a Portuguese, and the Police Chief, Colonel Victor Legrand, had expressed fears that new disturbances beyond the strength of the local police force might break out at any moment. Tangier was internationalised in 1923 under a convention signed by the British, French and Spanish Governments. Moroccan sovereignty was, however, recognised.

SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON IN JERUSALEM: The Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East Land Forces is seen (right centre) after paying a visit to the Al-Aqsa Mosque accompanied by General Glubb Pasha (left centre), C.-in-C. of the Arab Legion. Sir Brian's visit came at a time of considerable tension in Arab-Israeli affairs, following the passage of the new Israeli nationality law, which automatically confers citizenship on Jewish residents only, and which has caused sharp dissatisfaction among the Arab minority.

AN HISTORIC CONFERENCE AT LAHORE—AS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY MUSLIM WOMEN FROM MANY COUNTRIES FORGATHER TO DISCUSS MUTUAL PROBLEMS: *Left*—Delegates from Baluchistan and the North-West Frontier are seen assembled in the conference chamber. *Right*—The Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, President of the All-Pakistan Women's Association, delivering the inaugural address. Behind her are portraits of the leaders who brought Pakistan into being. The conference was sponsored by the Association and was opened by Ghulam Muhammad, Governor-General of Pakistan. Over 500 delegates attended.

GERMANS AND AMERICANS IN A JOINT TRIBUTE TO A NEPHEW OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: Mr. Chester C. Wright, United States Resident Officer in Erding, seen after he had placed a wreath on the grave of Jacob Freiherr von Washington at a recent ceremony sponsored by the German-American Club at Erding and attended by local German representatives and members of the American Occupation force. Jacob Freiherr von Washington is said to have been the son of an American Ambassador to the Netherlands. According to his tombstone, he was born in Den Haag, Holland, in 1778, and died in Notzing, near Munich, in 1848. It appears that King Ludwig I of Bavaria met Washington in Den Hagg and invited him to Bavaria. He was later naturalised, became a baron, and was also made a lieutenant-general in the Bavarian Army.

On left—

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY, BUT THIS ONE, IT IS ALLEGED, "SPILT THE BEANS": Mr. Sean Dunne stated in the Dail before Easter that this photograph, published in a Dublin newspaper, of Mr. MacEntee, **Minister of Finance, amounted to a leakage of Budget information.** It was easily possible, said Mr. Dunne, by turning the picture upside-down, to read on the page of a manuscript shown in it highly confidential information which the Minister was to give to the Irish Parliament two days later. Mr. MacEntee declared that there had been no leakage of information, but that he should have covered the pages. The statement referred to tea rationing and to the possibility of its abolition.

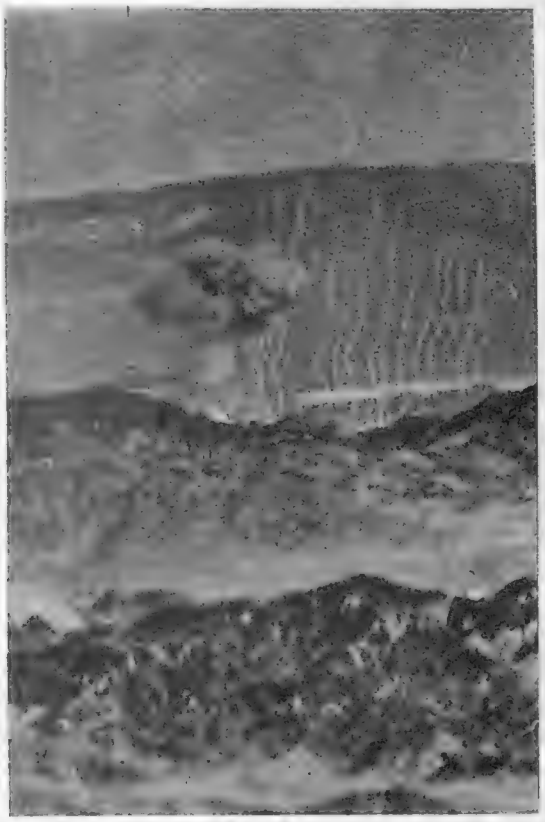
QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS PAYS A STATE VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: The Queen, escorted by President Truman, after her arrival with the Prince of the Netherlands at the National Airport. Also present at the airport was Mr. Howard McGrath, the Attorney-General, with whom the President was seen to be engaged in argument a few minutes before Queen Juliana's plane touched down. On the following day Mr. Truman announced the resignation of Mr. McGrath shortly after the latter had dismissed Mr. Newbold Morris, the Administration's "corruption hunter." A crowd estimated at 200,000 gathered at the National Airport and along the route to the White House to welcome Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands. The greeting ceremonies were of a most informal character, the President referring to the visit which his daughter Margaret had paid to the Netherlands last year.

FINGERS of FIRE and SQUADRONS of LIGHT

The "Flaming Curtain" of Nevada—Further Pictures of the Thirteenth Atomic Bomb Explosion; And Other Unusual News Pictures from the New World

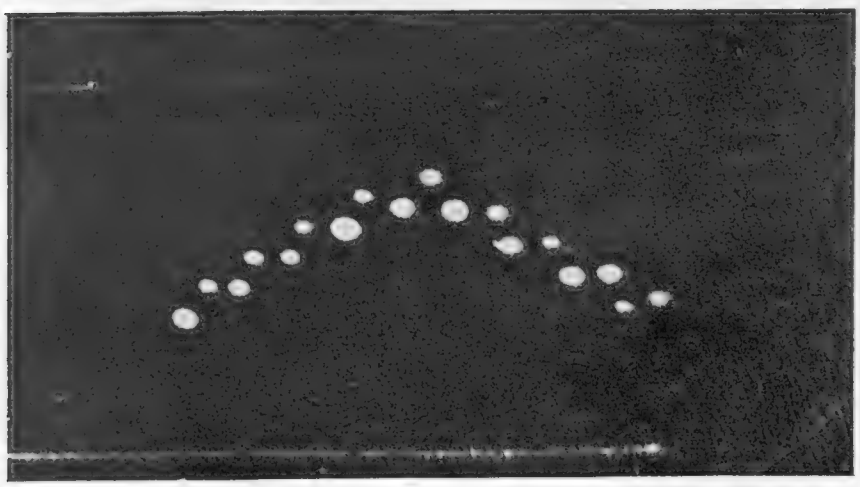
Soon after the explosion of the thirteenth atomic bomb at the Nevada Proving Ground (the first pictures of which were shown in last week's issue of The Sphere) it was assumed that the device was not a finished weapon, but more likely an experimental entity aimed at the development of a particular weapon or school of weapons. This decision was taken after experts had witnessed an extraordinary "flaming curtain," in addition to the central fiery ball and "mushroom," the two characteristics of an atomic-bomb explosion. The unusual double-barrelled effect, a lateral curtain of incandescent parallel columns accompanying the central ball of fire, was viewed through field-glasses from an observation point 7,000 ft. up and 55 miles away on Mount Charleston. The columns, which numbered twenty, rose higher than the main orange-coloured fire ball, but changed quickly into white vapour. Their span was about equal to the width of the central explosion, possibly half-a-mile. The chemical content of these curtains probably accounted for the fogging of photographic film in cameras placed up to 40 miles away. Observers commented that the jets of fire were similar in their behaviour to the spray of phosphorus bombs and that the effect resembled that of some of the elaborate aerial incendiary bombs used by the Royal Air Force in the Second World War. Shortly after the blast, the column appeared to be split into two parts—one the main blast, the other formed from the merging of the vertical columns. No effect of this sort had been observed in previous tests and none is mentioned in the Atomic Energy Commission's minutely detailed official description of the characteristics of "typical" atomic explosions. Officials of the Atomic Energy Commission stated that some of the vertical smoke probably came from "rockets" which were set off at the time of the explosion for an undisclosed reason.

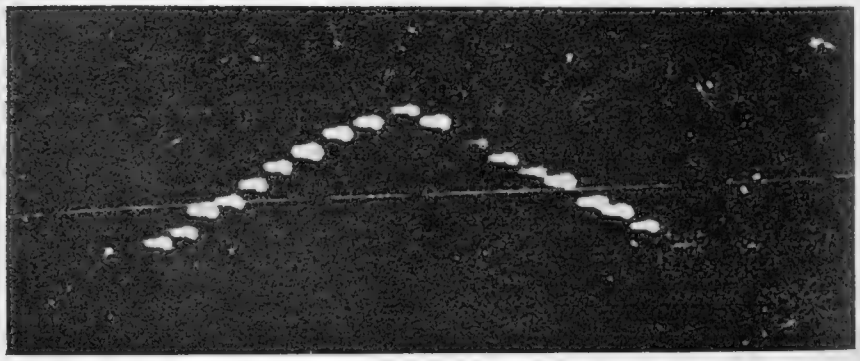
A SUBMARINE BREAKS SURFACE AT AN ANGLE OF 48 DEGREES: The U.S. submarine *Pickerel* appears to be leaping completely out of the water as she surfaces at a 48-degree angle (one of the steepest ever attempted) off the Hawaiian Island of Oahu. The warship had risen sharply from a depth of 150 ft. during tests to "evaluate the capabilities and design characteristics of G.U.P.P.Y. (Greater Underwater Propulsive Power) type submarines." No damage or injury to the crew was reported. This picture was made by a naval photographer travelling in an accompanying submarine, the *Sabalo*. The *Pickerel* was kept under sonar observation as it neared the surface, enabling the photographer to have his camera focused on the approximate spot of surfacing before the *Pickerel* appeared. In 1950 the *Pickerel* established what is believed to be a world record for submerged submarines using the Snorkel breathing apparatus. In April of that year she travelled below the surface from Hong Kong to Honolulu, a distance of 5,200 miles, in twenty-one days.



A NEW TYPE OF ATOMIC EXPLOSION: A few minutes after the blast the characteristic column had split into two white portions topped by a dark cloud puff. This type of atomic "mushroom" was considered small compared to some former detonations.

THE MYSTERIOUS FINGERS OF FIRE WHICH HAVE CHARACTERISED THE THIRTEENTH ATOMIC EXPLOSION: The smoke streamers shoot skyward after the explosion of the bomb at Frenchman's Flat Nuclear Proving Ground in Nevada. Twenty of these tendrils were counted and their span was about equal to the width of the central explosion, possibly half-a-mile.

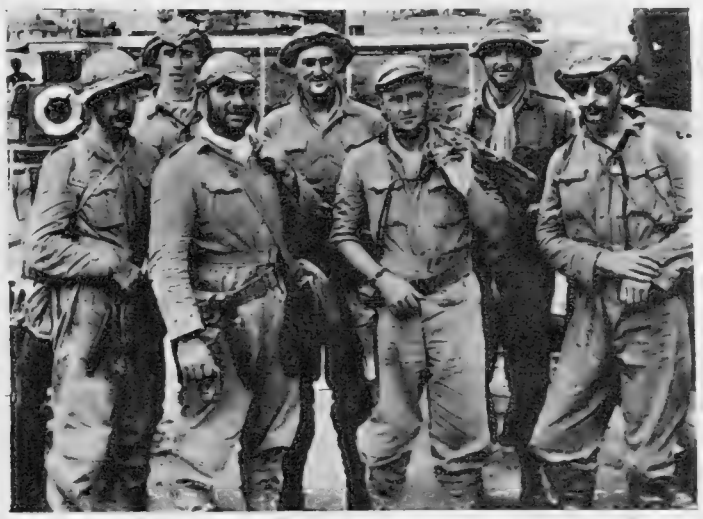




***Above* and *on left*—THE "LUBBOCK LIGHTS" OF TEXAS—A FURTHER EXAMPLE OF "FLYING SAUCERS":** Among the many reports of "flying saucers," one of the most extraordinary phenomena is the "Lubbock Lights," photographed at Lubbock, Texas, by eighteen-year-old Carl Hart, Junior, on August 30, 1951. These two pictures of the lights, just recently published in the United States, show them apparently flying in formation. The U.S. Air Force, which has lately incorporated investigation of these matters into a routine intelligence function, says there is "no reason to believe that any of the aerial phenomena commonly described as 'flying saucers' are caused by a foreign power or constitute a clear and present danger for the United States or its citizens."

THE STRUGGLE IN MALAYA

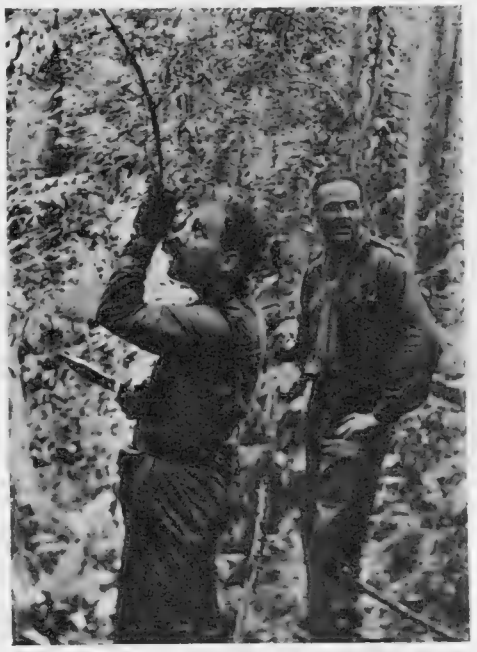
Sidelights on the Renewed Campaign Against the Elusive Terrorists of the Malayan Forests



THE PARTY OF SEVEN R.A.F. VOLUNTEERS WHO RECENTLY MADE A JOURNEY THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF NORTH BORNEO TO TEST A NEW JUNGLE SURVIVAL KIT : These two pictures of the team were taken after their return from a seven-day march through the swamps and forests of one of the wildest parts of North Borneo, where they tested the efficiency of a new jungle survival pack consisting of concentrated foods, water-purifying tablets, fishing gear and other equipment. All the men were aircrew volunteers from R.A.F. squadrons operating against the bandits in Malaya, where the knowledge they have gained will be put to good use.

On left—
MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. JUNGLE SURVIVAL TEAM BUILD A SLEEPING PLATFORM ABOVE THE MUD OF A BORNEO SWAMP : The testing of the new survival equipment was also a severe test of the men themselves. To sleep above the mud and water of the jungle swamps they had to cut down saplings and build sleeping platforms which, in token of the aches and pains inflicted, they named "racks."

On right—
LIVING ON THE JUNGLE : Although the R.A.F. party had water-purifying tablets enabling them to drink from pools or swamp water, vines and creepers provided much of their drinking water. Here Squadron-Leader Brennan is drinking from a vine he has severed.



MEN OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES TAKE PART IN THE WAR AGAINST TERRORISTS IN MALAYA : These men are returning from Company Headquarters, where their equipment has been checked and ammunition issued. The 1st (Nyasaland) and the 3rd (Kenya) Battalions of the King's African Rifles are now operating in Malayan jungles.

On left—
A PATROL OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES USING RADIO COMMUNICATION IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLES : These men are helping to rid the jungle areas of terrorists.

GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER VISITS A MALAYAN TIN-MINE : Sir Gerald, the High Commissioner for Malaya, tries his hand at hydraulic mining apparatus at the Gopeng Consolidated Tin Mine during a tour of Central and Southern Perak. A police recruiting campaign has now been started in Perak, where there are many terrorists, and Sir Gerald has made a special appeal to Chinese youths to join the force.

Pompeii Still Yields Treasure Trove

Pushing Ahead With the Five-Year Plan of Excavation in the Famous Buried City at the Foot of Vesuvius

A HUMAN FIGURE TURNED TO STONE : This is one of the most celebrated of all the treasures unearthed in old Pompeii and can be seen in the local museum. It shows a citizen of the ancient town shielding his head from the rain of volcanic ash which engulfed his home nearly 1,900 years ago. Since last year excavation work has been renewed in Pompeii and important finds have been made.

EXAMPLES OF FINE GLASS UNCOVERED DURING RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII : They establish the fact that the town had a highly-developed glass industry in the year A.D. 79, when the great catastrophe occurred and the people were overwhelmed.

COLOURED WALLS AND FRESCOES NEWLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT : They are in a fine state of preservation, having been well-protected by successive layers of volcanic ash through the intervening centuries.

SOIL FROM PREVIOUS DIGGINGS HAMPERS THE WORK OF THE EXCAVATORS WHO ARE OPERATING IN POMPEII TO-DAY : A high bank of this soil is seen in the background, and in the foreground are walls which have lately been freed from the surrounding earth. These high banks of earth from previous diggings are proving an embarrassment to the present excavators. There is a plan on foot to move all this soil to places where it can be utilised for cultivation, as it is very rich in mineral properties. The present digging operations are for the most part at the eastern end of the Strada dell' Abbondanza.

AN OIL-AND-WINE SHOP UNCOVERED IN THE STRADA DELL' ABBONDANZA : This is believed to have been a luxury shop for the well-to-do customers, as many gold coins have been found in the vicinity. Even gold, which deteriorates rapidly, survives well in Pompeii's ash.

After the catastrophe of the year 79 which covered the whole area of Pompeii with a layer of pumice stone and ashes, 10 to 15 ft. deep, the survivors rescued from the loose ashes as many valuables, and particularly as much marble, as they could. After that they consigned their town to oblivion and allowed later eruptions to spread the mantle even deeper.

By the Middle Ages Pompeii remained unknown, and it was only in 1748 that some accidental discoveries drew attention to the site. Since 1860 excavations have been carried on at Pompeii systematically, but in 1941 the war caused a suspension of activity. A fresh start was made in the excavations in July 1951, and at the time of writing Professor Maiuri and his fellow-archæologists are pushing ahead with an elaborate five-year plan. They have plenty of space in which to work, as about two-fifths of Pompeii still remains to be uncovered. The new work has been made possible by a grant from the fund for the development of Southern Italy, one of the objects of which is to develop centres of interest to tourists. The main concentration at the moment is upon the eastern end of the Strada dell' Abbondanza. The uncovering of this major highway in Pompeii is now to be completed as far as its eastern gate.

The unexplored area of Pompeii is sure to yield a rich harvest. Of what has been achieved since July of last year comparatively little is known, as the archæologists are inclined to be reticent on the point. They are employing carefully selected skilled workers, and the excavations are taking place under a veil of considerable secrecy.

The recent find of a treasure in gold and of examples of fine glassware has aroused great interest. As noted above, one of the main difficulties confronting the excavators is in regard to the high banks of volcanic stones, ash and soil which are the work of former excavators. These are hampering the workers on the site as it has long been realised that they would.

VAN RIEBEECK SAILS INTO CAPE TOWN

The Climax of the South African Tercentenary Festival, Held to Commemorate the First White Settlement in the Cape

On left—

THE PAGEANT OF SOUTH AFRICA : The processional cars passing down Adderley Street, the main thoroughfare of Cape Town, during the South African Tercentenary Festival, held to mark the 300th anniversary of white settlement in the Cape—the coming of Van Riebeeck. The festival aroused much enthusiasm among the Dutch element in the population, but following the recent Supreme Court decision regarding the illegality of Government action over the native franchise, members of the non-European community held protests in Cape Town and in many other parts of the Union.

Below—

VAN RIEBEECK'S SHIP, "THE DROMMEDARIS," SAILS INTO GRANGER BAY, ADJOINING THE CAPE TOWN BREAKWATER : This was the big moment in the tercentenary celebrations. The ship is a replica of that used by the Dutch pioneer. M. Andre Huguenet played the part of Van Riebeeck in the celebrations, and he was accompanied on the voyage by seamen in seventeenth-century dress. On reaching Granger Bay, Van Riebeeck and his men landed in ship's boats, and they carried ashore scrolls representing the Western traditions brought to the Cape by the Dutch pioneers. A big crowd later attended the laying of the foundation-stone of the "gateway to Africa" at the seaward end of the monumental approach to Cape Town, where Dr. Jansen, the Governor-General, Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister, Mr. A. Van Der S. Centlivres, the Chief Justice, and Mr. Strauss, the leader of the Opposition, made speeches in which they emphasised the need for unity in South Africa.

"LIKE THE MACHICOLATIONS OF A MEDIEVAL FORTRESS"—THE SKYLINE OF A TYPICAL POTTERY TOWN: At Stoke-on-Trent and other towns in the pottery district of North Staffordshire, in the upper Trent Valley, the characteristic bottle-shaped kilns and ovens of The Potteries have transformed the countryside. But the industry is undergoing a revolution and the corpulent chimneys shown in this drawing by D. E. Walduck are fast disappearing as smokeless electric tunnel kilns replace the old intermittent ovens. The skyline itself is changing, and with it comes the change to neotechnic methods of production and control, supporting, though not replacing, the hand-and-eye craftsmanship which has made British pottery the finest and most sought-after in the world.

BRITAIN'S CROCK OF GOLD

A Survey of the British Pottery Industry

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

With Special "Sphere" Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I., and D. E. WALDUCK and a Map by LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

The British pottery industry exported £2,000,000 of ware in 1935. Since the war this has risen to a gross value of about £20,000,000 per annum, and because this value is not offset by the import of substantial amounts of raw materials the export of products from our potteries is an important item in the national economy. But the housewives of Britain, starved for many years of any but the plainest crockery, long for the return to the home market of the decorative china- and earthen-wares still earmarked "export only." In the following article Bernard Hollowood, the authority on pottery and founder-editor of the trade journal Pottery and Glass, *surveys the industry and the prospects of both home and overseas markets.*

IT is not really surprising—at a time when the bulk of our new literature is frankly "escapist"—that so many books on pottery should have been published since the war. There have been dozens of them, handsome productions describing and depicting the ceramic treasures of past and present, and they have been bought eagerly by a pot-hungry community. Our interest in pottery has grown with the continuing shortage: our appetite for decorative wares has been sharpened by the dull procession of utility cups, saucers and plates. And we have accepted the two-dimensional book-plate as the next-best thing to tangible earthenware and china in pattern and colour.

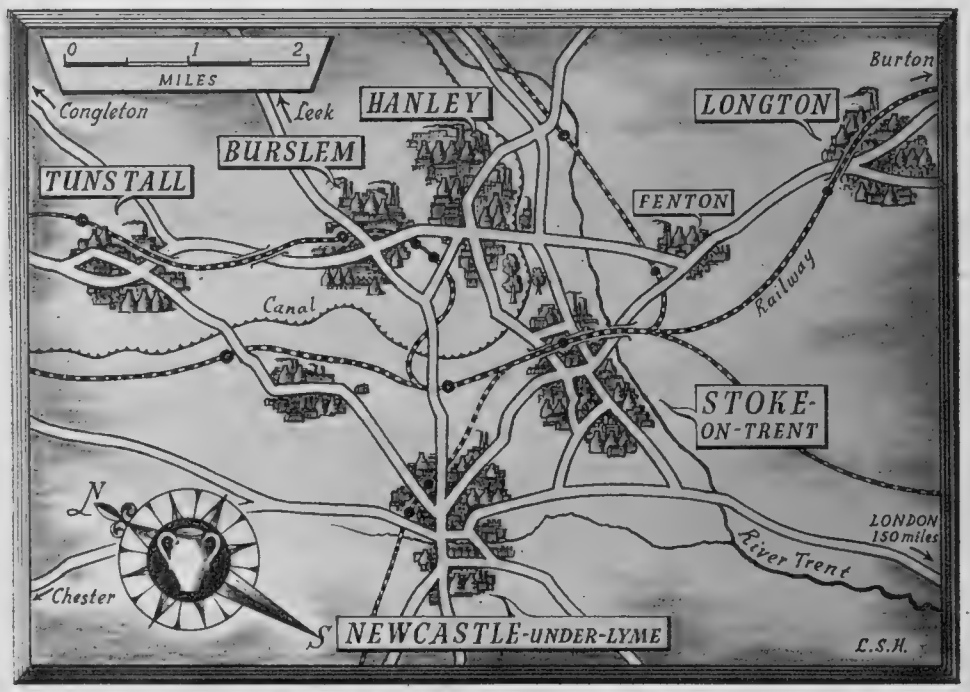
We have been deprived of decorated pottery for ten years and our cupboards and china cabinets are bare. True, we may be lucky enough on occasion to find an odd "export reject" or the so-called "frustrated export" in the china shops, but such oases of delight merely pinpoint the desert of austerity. The domestic demand for patterned pottery is enormous and cannot be fully satisfied for many years, even when restrictions are removed.

How long will these controls last? Well, the official spokesmen of the industry speak cautiously. They tell us that our pottery is still selling abroad like hot cakes, that the order-books are still overloaded, and that only a shortage of decorators and decorating materials holds up the further advance of British exports: but they also tell us, in the next breath, that the sellers' market is about to close, that Japanese and German manufacturers are now back in full production and have resumed their pre-war tactics of cut-throat competition, and that some contraction of the export trade seems inevitable. The truth is that neither the industry nor the Board of Trade knows how far the backlog of demand in the Dominions and Colonies (Australia and Canada are easily our best customers) and the United States has already been satisfied, how effective Japanese and German competition will prove, or how far the trade in pottery—a semi-luxury commodity—will be affected by the general tightening of purse-strings resulting from world-wide rearmament.

So the housewives of Britain must wait and see.

The pottery industry was singled out for special Government restrictions for the good reason that it is one of the country's most important earners of foreign currency. Since the war its export trade has been of considerable help to the national economy, for its gross value (about £20,000,000 per annum) is not offset by any substantial import of raw materials used in the industry. British china and earthenware are nearly 100 per cent. home-made: that is, the substances from which they are manufactured are, with very few exceptions, won from our own land. Earthenware, which accounts for the great bulk of the industry's output, is made from china clay, china stone, ball clay and flints, and all of these materials are found at home, most of them in the south-west of the island, in the counties of Cornwall and Dorset. English bone china, a lovely product made nowhere else in the world (except at one Swedish factory), consists of china clay, china stone and bone ash, and of these only the bone ash, the calcined skeletal remains of oxen, are imported. It comes from the great ranching countries.

So the pottery industry is about 90 per cent. self-supporting and



THE POTTERY DISTRICT IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE, THE CENTRE OF THE INDUSTRY IN BRITAIN: This map by Leslie S. Haywood shows Stoke-on-Trent, the "Five Towns" of Arnold Bennett's novels, and other famous towns of The Potteries. While there are many other important units of pottery production at Worcester, Derby, Bristol, Nottingham, London, Poole and elsewhere, this is the hub of the British pottery industry.

self-sufficient and thus contributes more than the export figures suggest to the nation's direct trade.

There is no real shortage of crockery on the home market—and by crockery I mean the plain-white or off-white utility wares with which we have been familiar since 1940. The home trade gets about two-thirds of the total output of the factories—some 120,000,000 cups, mugs and beakers annually (at least two per person), about 60,000,000 saucers, and 80,000,000 plates. These quantities seem large enough in all conscience, but we must remember that they must meet the needs of hotels, cafés, canteens, schools, hospitals, ships, British Railways and Government offices (aha!), as well as of the hard-pressed housewife. We know that even the toughest pottery can prove distressingly fragile at the kitchen sink, and that although a sobbing "It came away in me 'ands, ma'am!" is now heard less frequently in the land, a similar cry of despair is often sounded by husbands and other butter-fingers. If there is no chronic shortage there is also no surfeit of crockery on the home market. The "No Cups Outside!" demand of the buffet waitress and our experience of cups without handles, and plates chipped and cracked are sufficient proof of this assertion.

To see pottery made in all its variety we have to visit The Potteries, that remarkable area of North Staffordshire located in the upper Trent Valley. There are many other important units of production at Worcester, Derby, Bristol, Nottingham, London, Poole, and elsewhere, and these "out-potteries" turn out some of our most beautiful earthenware and china, but the real centre of the industry, the hive, is the city of Stoke-on-Trent, or the "Five Towns" of Arnold Bennett's novels.

The towns of Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke, Fenton and Longton are a great conurbation of industrial activity. Potting, coal-mining, iron and steel and engineering are the chief industries, and they advertise themselves very boldly with marked effect on the landscape and the architecture. The pottery industry's bottle-shaped kilns and ovens decorate every skyline like the machicolations of a medieval fortress, its mounds of flints and clays lie white and weathering on the marl-banks, its scrap—old moulds, saggars and rejected fragments of ware—is carted away to fill up old marl-holes, crate-pools and adits, and its slip (liquid clay) stains hands and smocks and pavements with its chalky smudges. The Potteries is sometimes confused by southern barbarians with the Black Country, from which it is separated by more than 30 miles of meadow and chase. "Black and White Country" would be a more accurate description.

THE FULHAM POTTERY IN LONDON, WHICH WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1671: The pottery was founded by John Dwight, "gentleman and scholar," who was granted a patent by Charles II in 1671, and, with a few brief intermissions, it has continued to produce pottery to the present day. Little is known of John Dwight save that he was an Oxfordshire man and a Master of Arts who served four successive Bishops of Chester as "Registrar and Scribe." To-day the Fulham pottery is still turning out ware of the finest quality which readily finds a market both in this country and abroad. In addition, it supplies modelling clay for sculptors, studio potters, occupational therapists, ceramic artists and schools in London and elsewhere, as well as providing facilities for firing their work.

"THE JESTER" AND "JANICE": These are Royal Doulton figures, representing high artistic and technical achievement.

"LADY ANN NEVILL" AND "SIR WALTER RALEIGH": Two portrait figures of the famous Royal Doulton series.

Potting is undergoing a new industrial revolution. Neotechnic methods of production and control are being introduced to support the hand-and-eye craftsmanship of talented workers. New automatic and semi-automatic machines are being installed, workshop practice and production flow are being revised, the old coal-fired ovens are being pulled down to make room for continuous tunnel ovens fired by electricity. . . . The skyline itself is beginning to change.

The men who dug clay from their gardens, collected brushwood from the moors and fired their crude wares in low beehive ovens five, six, seven hundred years ago, pioneered a great industry in a region without spectacular advantages and handicapped in numerous ways by the facts of geography and commerce. Indeed, very few solid reasons can be advanced to account for the centralisation of the pottery industry in North Staffordshire. The soils of the Coal Measures are sour and infertile and could support only a sparse population. Until the deeper treasures were tapped, until potting and mining developed into great industries, the area was poor and insignificant. Its communications with the rest of the country were tenuous, for it lay in isolation between the main roads to the north. It was without a navigable river and without access to the ports. It was hundreds of miles from the fine clays of Cornwall and Dorset, and its own clays and marls were coarse and refractory. Liverpool, Bristol, Leeds, London and South Wales were all more favourably situated and enjoyed greater advantages, and in the years before the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century produced pottery much finer than that of North Staffordshire.

The Potteries became the centre of the industry very largely because, at a decisive moment in industrial history, it produced men of genius, men of rare vision and enterprise who harnessed the limited natural resources of the area, destroyed its isolation by cutting canals and building new roads, worked indefatigably to improve the chemistry, pyrometry and mechanics of pottery production and arranged an excellent marriage between art and industry. It has been said that potting triumphed in North Staffordshire because it was rejected as a staple industry by the industrialists and financiers of other centres, that the industry was neglected by Leeds and Liverpool and other centres because they found new and more profitable outlets for their energy and enterprise. Well, there may be a grain of truth in this assumption, but it is certain that the quality of the eighteenth-century leaders was the decisive factor in these manœuvres. Wedgwood, as his monument tells us, "converted a rude and inconsiderable manufactory into an elegant Art and an important part of the National Commerce."

And the Wedgwood factory is still in the van of progress. In 1937 the firm decided to abandon the historic works at Etruria, which had been built by the first Josiah in 1769, and acquired a rural estate at Barlaston, five miles south of Stoke-on-Trent, where a new factory in a garden village arose.

Barlaston embodies all the scientific and technological progress made in the industry during the revolutionary years between the wars. Many of the working processes have been mechanised, all firing is done in electric tunnel ovens, new decorating methods have been perfected, and workshop practice has been completely reorganised by the widespread employment of mechanical conveyers.

Let us look for further details of production inside one of the "Big Five" earthenware manufacturers, at the Eagle factory of the old firm of J. and G Meakin Ltd., of Hanley. This firm produces almost 1,000,000 pieces of earthenware a week—a vast output made possible by the post-war reconstruction of the factory and the installation of new plant and machinery. Here, as in other progressive units of the industry, the intermittent bottle-oven has been replaced by continuous tunnel ovens, speculative clay chemistry has been superseded by precise laboratory work and persistent research, manual haulage has given way to intricate systems of trolley, belt and continuous conveyers, individual carton containers and steel crates are supplementing the old wooden crate-and-straw method of packing, and production flow and the mechanics of operative skills have been subjected to the critical attentions of the time-and-motion study experts . . .

(*Cont. on following page*)

PART OF THE NEW WORKS AND ESTATE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND SONS, LTD., AT BARLASTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT: In 1936 the directors of this celebrated firm decided with regret to abandon the historic site at Etruria, where Wedgwood pottery had been made since the eighteenth century and where mining subsidence and dirt from coal-mines and ironworks were detrimental to pottery and workers alike. The 381-acre Barlaston Hall Estate was acquired in 1937. It accommodates the new works, part of which is seen in this drawing by Jack Merriott, as well as playing-fields and a garden village.

BRITAIN'S CROCK OF GOLD

(*Continued from previous page*)

THE HENRY WATSON'S POTTERIES AT WATTISFIELD, SUFFOLK, WHERE POTTERY WAS BEING PRODUCED 2,000 YEARS AGO : These girls, moving pottery to the drying sheds, are carrying on a tradition that began in Wattisfield during the Roman occupation of Britain, and perhaps before. Evidence of an extensive Romano-British pottery-making site was discovered at Wattisfield during a field survey of the district in 1934-35, when remains of twenty-five Roman kilns were found in or near the village. These girls are working with clay dug from the same pits, situated in the parish, as were used by the Romans. The quality of Wattisfield pottery declined during the third and fourth century A.D., reflecting the decay of the Roman Empire. While evidence of activities during Saxon and medieval times remains somewhat obscure, archæological research points to continuity of the potter's craft in this village. In the early nineteenth century the growth of the Staffordshire potteries brought a serious challenge to Wattisfield, where large glazed bread and water pots were produced in contrast to the white, decorated Staffordshire ware. To-day pottery made at Wattisfield of similar shape and decoration as Roman pottery found near the old pits still finds a ready market.

WARD'S POLYCHROME BOWL, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF BRISTOL DELFT WARE : It was made at the Temple Pottery in Bristol two-and-a-quarter centuries ago. The decoration is on pure white enamel and is in four colours—blue, green, yellow and red. On the side shown are depicted the arms of the Carpenters' Company, with the initials I.T. and the date 1709. The initials are said to be those of Isaac Terett, Master of the Coachbuilders' Company for that year. Pountney and Co. Ltd., now making both domestic and sanitary ware at the Bristol Pottery, can claim this year that they and their predecessors have been in business continuously as potters for 300 years.

When the flint and china stone have been ground in water to the necessary fineness the liquid mix is run off from the grinding cylinders into underground arks to be pumped as required to the slip house. Here it is mixed with china clay and ball clay to form slip. The slip passes to the filter-presses where surplus water is removed and the resultant clay is "pugged" or kneaded to make it malleable. In the "potters' shop" this clay is converted into plates and saucers by nimble operatives and ingenious semi-automatic machines. At top speed they can turn out seven saucers or small plates *per minute*.

Hollow-ware—that is, teapots, cover-dishes, jugs, *hors d'œuvre* dishes and sandwich trays—is made from liquid clay by the casting process. The liquid slip is fed into the casting-shop by means of a large overhead pipe; flexible distributary tubes with control taps run from the main pipe to individual casting operatives. This process involves the use of hollow plaster moulds fashioned (internally) to the shape of the vessel to be reproduced. The slip is poured into the mould, which has been assembled from sections, and allowed to stand for a specified time. The plaster absorbs moisture from the slip and firm clay of the required thickness is deposited on the walls of the mould. When the surplus slip has been poured away the clay is left to dry out to a condition suitable for handling. Next, the mould is taken apart and the moulded article extracted. It is trimmed, or "fettled," and sponged, and is then ready for its first firing in the biscuit tunnel oven.

Firing takes about fifty hours. The ware is placed in fireclay containers, known as saggars, which are loaded on to kiln trucks, and the trucks pass slowly through the oven. The length of the track through the gas-oven is 110 yards and the temperature of the zone of maximum heat is about 1,100° Centigrade.

Most visitors find the decorating shops immensely interesting. Patterns may be applied to the ware by numerous methods, from printed tissues, from lithographic transfers, by brush, and so on, and the dexterity of the female decorators and "freehand paintresses" has to be seen to be believed.

The decorating shops of the Wedgwood factory are particularly impressive, for here we can see and compare the old with the new. A

AN IMPRESSION OF J. AND G. MEAKIN'S EASTWOOD POTTERY AT HANLEY, SEEN FROM THE CANAL : Jack Merriott's drawing shows the bottle-shaped kilns, the "Seven Sisters," as they are called. Eastwood Pottery was acquired by J. and G. Meakin in 1887 and thus became part of the largest pottery concern in the country. It has always been recognised as a well-planned factory, the three biscuit and four glost ovens situated conveniently for the potters' shops, warehouses and decorating shops, and the whole is designed to facilitate even flow from one department to another. The pottery's position on the canal gives it the advantage of cheap water transport.

CHINA CLAY, A DECOMPOSED CONSTITUENT OF GRANITE, BEING EXTRACTED IN A CORNISH CLAY-PIT: The powerful jet in the background of this Jack Merriott drawing washes out the clay from among the rocks. Sand, mica and other impurities are then removed by circulating the liquid through a series of settling tanks at different levels, and after drying in special kilns the clay is ready for transportation to the potteries.

considerable part of the output consists of the shapes and patterns devised by or for Josiah Wedgwood between 1759 (when he first set up on his own account at the Ivy House Works in Burslem) and 1795, when he died. Wedgwood achieved fame with two quite distinct lines of production. On the one hand were his celebrated ornamental wares, the black basalt and Jasper, pieces of infinite precision and classical line; and on the other were the so-called useful wares, the cream-coloured and white sets and services.

In 1765 Wedgwood made a tea-set in Cream Colour for Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III, and pleased the Royal customer so well that he was allowed to describe this fine earthenware as "Queens Ware." Two years later the master potter wrote: "The demand for this Cream-Colour, *alias* Queens Ware, *alias* Ivory, still increases. It is really amazing how rapidly the use of it has spread almost over the whole globe, and how universally it is liked."

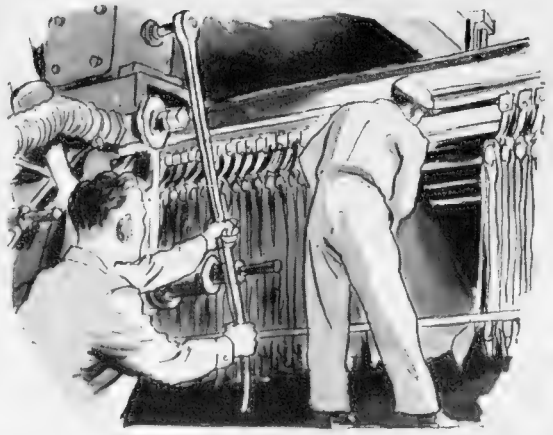
During the past ten years design in the pottery industry has improved very markedly. The degree of standardisation imposed on the manufacturers during the war has helped them to weed their pattern-books of accumulated rubble and has left them with fewer and better shapes and patterns. Full order-books and reasonable profits have encouraged them to invest in new design studios and enabled them to employ first-class creative designers. When the restrictions are removed the housewife will be delighted, I think, with the range of shapes and patterns put before her in the shops. "Indian Tree," the "Willow Pattern," and other old favourites are now strongly supported by a handsome bunch of designs characteristic of this new Elizabethan age.

Throughout this article I have referred to potting as an industry, and I have emphasised the importance of new scientific production controls and automatic making processes; and in doing so I may have suggested that pottery can be mass-produced as easily as tin-cans, bottles or match-boxes. Such an impression would be unfortunate, for it is demonstrably false to anyone familiar with the inside of a potworks. Potting is a craft and will remain a craft. And it will remain a craft because its raw material happens to be clay. Clay, apparently so docile, lifeless and malleable, is probably the most "unpredictable" of all materials. It is almost animate in its fractiousness. And when the potter seems to tame it for all time in the great heat of the oven, it shrinks visibly and tries to writhe out of shape.

It is this delinquent stubbornness of clay that makes potting so difficult—so stimulating and exasperating, and it is because clay can only be handled satisfactorily by the "green fingers" of experienced craftsmen that potting remains a craft.

A CONTEMPORARY DESIGN ON FINE ENGLISH BONE CHINA: This pattern by Mr. J. W. Wadsworth, of Mintons, consists of a narrow encrusted gold band at the edge with a gold line below and a raised gold wreath of flowers around the bevelled verge. It is, of course, for export only. English bone china, long conceded to be the finest and most durable porcelainic substance yet discovered, is given its peculiar quality through the admixture of a considerable proportion of calcined bone in the basic clay. This results in greatly increased strength and durability and permits of manufacturing processes that insure permanence to the decorative designs. The substance and texture of English bone china is of an inimitably appealing character, and designs by contemporary British artists are of great æsthetic merit.

BLENDING CLAY IN THE "SLIPHOUSE": Ball clay and china clay are separately mixed in a "blunger," a machine with rotating blades, and after measuring, each ingredient is run into the blending ark where the liquid clay, known as "slip," is thoroughly mixed.



THE FILTER PRESS: The slip is forced through this row of cloth compartments where the water is pressed out, leaving in each compartment a thin, square slab of plastic clay weighing about 1 cwt.

THE PUG MILL: Slabs of clay from the filter press are next cut and put into the pug mill, which forces out air bubbles and kneads the clay. It is then extruded from the mill in an endless sausage.

THE MODELLER: A newly-designed piece of pottery has to be modelled in "clay size"—that is, larger than the finished size, to allow for shrinking during the firing processes. Contractions must be calculated, and allowance made for them by the modeller.

THE PLATE-MAKER: The machine in the foreground has flattened a ball of clay into a circular "bat." This is "thrown" by the plate-maker on to a revolving mould, which shapes the front of the plate. The back is then shaped by the metal "profile" which the operator here is using.

BRITAIN'S CROCK OF GOLD

HOW POTTERY IS MADE

By PETER HUBBALL

ILLUSTRATED BY D. E. WALDUCK

IF a piece of plastic clay is moulded into the shape of a bowl and then heated in a kiln it will become hard and stone-like, and retain permanently the shape it has been given. This property of clay forms the basis of the pottery industry. Pottery is clay which has been shaped while plastic, dried, fired to give it strength, coated in glaze and fired again to glaze-fusing point to render it non-porous and hygienic, and decorated to make it beautiful. The processes involved in transforming a piece of prepared clay into an attractive plate or bowl are numerous, and each one demands a high degree of skill on the part of the operative.

In practice, clay is not used by itself, but materials such as flint and feldspar are added to make a "body" which is easy to shape while plastic, and which will mature in the kiln at a known temperature. In this country two types of industrial pottery are manufactured—earthenware and bone-china, a form of porcelain, which derives its name from the bone-ash which is added to china-clay to impart translucency to the finished ware. Earthenware remains porous after firing, but bone-china vitrifies.

The raw materials are broken up and purified and then mixed together in proportions which will produce a clay mixture suited to the shaping processes contemplated, and a fired pottery possessing the qualities required. This mixing takes place in the "sliphouse," where the clays are dissolved in water in machines aptly named "blungers," and the resultant "slip" is pumped to filter presses via vibrating sieves and magnetic separators. The presses remove surplus water, and the "filter-cakes," or thin slabs of plastic clay so produced are then cut up and forced through the revolving knives and the vacuum chamber of the de-airing pug mill, which looks like a huge mincing machine. The cylinder of clay which issues slowly from the mouth of the pug mill is plastic and homogeneous and ready for use.

Shaping processes include throwing, jolleying, moulding, slip-casting and turning. Throwing, one of the oldest shaping methods known, and certainly the most skilled, is rarely used in the industry to-day. It consists of "throwing" a lump of clay on to a revolving wheel and shaping it between the fingers and palms of both hands. Jolleying, a kind of mechanical throwing, is employed especially in the making of flat ware (plates, saucers and dishes) and hollow-ware (cups, jugs, bowls and mugs). With this method a plaster-of-paris mould which turns on a wheel forms one part of the shape (the outside of a cup or the face of a plate), while a tool of carefully shaped profile forms the other parts (the inside of the cup and the back of the plate). Automatic jolleying machines (1,200 plates an hour) are now in general use. The hand-moulding of irregular forms,

CASTING: Liquid clay, or "slip," is poured into the mould and the plaster absorbs the water, leaving a deposit of clay around the walls. The surplus slip is then poured out and the mould opened.

THE CUP JOLLEYER: Clay inside the mould is correctly shaped by a "profile" which this skilled worker is applying by pulling down the handle.

THROWING: This is the most ancient means of potting, and for certain types of pottery is still the most important process. Throwing is a true handicraft demanding a fine sense of touch.

THE HANDLER: With a touch of clay mixed with water and with the right degree of pressure, the handle is manually applied to the piece.

BISCUIT PLACING: When a clay piece is dried "white hard" it is ready for the first or "biscuit" firing. Here, pieces of earthenware on trolleys are about to pass through the electric tunnel kiln.

THE ELECTRIC KILN: Through the electrically-heated tunnel on the right, trains of fifty trucks carrying pottery are slowly propelled. The maximum heat in the firing zone is over 1,200 degs. Centigrade for biscuit firing, after which the clay pieces are called "Biscuit-ware."

PLACING CHINAWARE IN A SAGGAR: The old-fashioned saggar, a cylindrical firebox, must still be used for firing certain kinds of ware. The old method was to place the saggars in bottle-shaped intermittent kilns which were sealed up throughout the firing.

such as figures, using plaster moulds, is used for certain specialised products.

Tea- and coffee-pots, and hollow articles of difficult shape, are made by the slip-casting process, for which the clay is used in slip form. A plaster-of-paris mould is filled with slip and left to stand. After a time the slip is poured out, but because the plaster has absorbed a certain amount of water a layer of clay will adhere to the inside of the mould. When this has dried, the mould can be removed, leaving its negative shape in clay. For this process, which is widely used, a large number of moulds are required, and a skilled staff of mouldmakers. Cup handles are either pressed from plastic clay and applied by hand, or the process is carried out by machine. Turning, for which a lathe is used, cannot be carried out until the article has dried to a semi-hard or "green" state. Turning produces a finished surface.

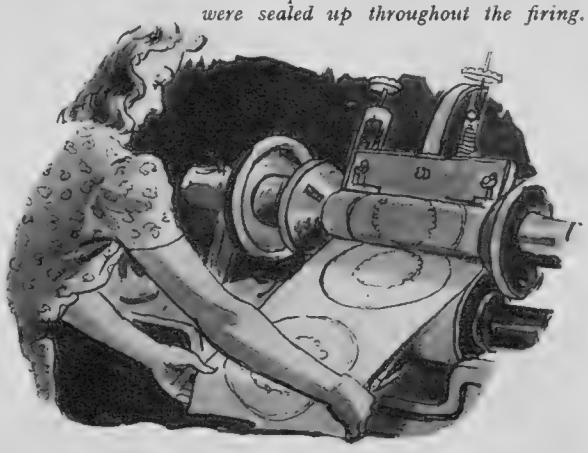
After the shaped ware has been sponged, or "fettled," to remove rough edges, it is dried, either mechanically or by infra-red heating, so that it becomes strong enough to be handled and prepared for the first firing, known as the "biscuit" or "bisque" firing. For earthenware the kiln temperature is about 1150 deg. C. Bone-china biscuit is fired at a white heat of 1300 deg. C. The intermittent-type, coal-fired "bottle" kilns, which give the Stoke-on-Trent skyline its distinctive character, are still in use, but during recent years most factories have installed the cleaner and more efficient tunnel kilns. In these, the ware is carried on trucks, slowly, through a tunnel heated by gas or electricity. The temperature is at its maximum at the centre of the tunnel, so that the ware heats up gradually, passes through the firing zone, and then slowly cools down. On emerging from its ordeal by fire it is cool enough to be removed. In intermittent and open-flame kilns the pieces of ware are protected by placing them in fireclay boxes known as saggars. During firing, the wares may shrink in size by as much as 10 per cent.

After biscuit firing, the ware is cleaned and then the glaze is applied either by dipping (immersing in a trough of glaze) or by spraying. The glaze is fused in the glost kiln at a slightly lower temperature than before, and assumes its characteristic vitreous, glassy appearance.

The pottery is now ready for decoration, in the traditional style or the contemporary idiom, according to the demands of the market. Ceramic colours (metallic oxides) may be applied either under-glaze (on the once-fired biscuit) or on the glaze. Earthenware underglaze decorations must receive a 600 deg. C. hardening-on fire before going into the glost-kiln. On-glaze decorations are fixed in an "enamel" kiln fired at between 750 deg. C. and 800 deg. C. The decorating methods generally employed are hand-painting, lining and banding, printing and lithography, silk-screen printing, stencilling and spraying, or a combination of these. Machines are used for lining and banding pottery, but the other methods involve hand work, much of it highly-skilled and generally carried out by women. It is here that the essential craft-nature of the industry can best be observed: the engraver bending over the copper plate or cylinder on which he is etching some intricate floral pattern from which a transfer print will be made; the paintress carefully filling in printed outlines of flowers or figures, or painting freehand with paints which will change colour when they are fired.

Briefly, then, these are the processes which turn clay into pottery. To-day the industry is highly mechanised, but there is a limit beyond which the machine is quite useless. Utility earthenware cups, saucers and plates can be, and are being, mass-produced. But an elaborate dinner service in fine bone china may still take eighteen months to complete.

ORNAMENTING: Clay bas-reliefs are applied after moistening the surface of the clay. The ornament is fixed by the pressure of the craftsman's finger, great skill being necessary to prevent spoiling fine details.



PRINTING DESIGNS: The engraved copper cylinder prints the pattern on a continuous roll of paper.

THE GLOST KILN: This process is similar to the first or biscuit firing except that the pieces must be separated from each other by "stilts" or "thimbles," or they would be fused together by the glaze which is vitrified by the high temperature.

FREE-HAND PAINTING AND ENAMELLING: These girls must have great skill and patience, for they have to adapt patterns to many different shapes of ware, and the colours must be applied in the correct strength.

THE POLISHER: Polishing removes roughness or blemishes left after the glost firing.

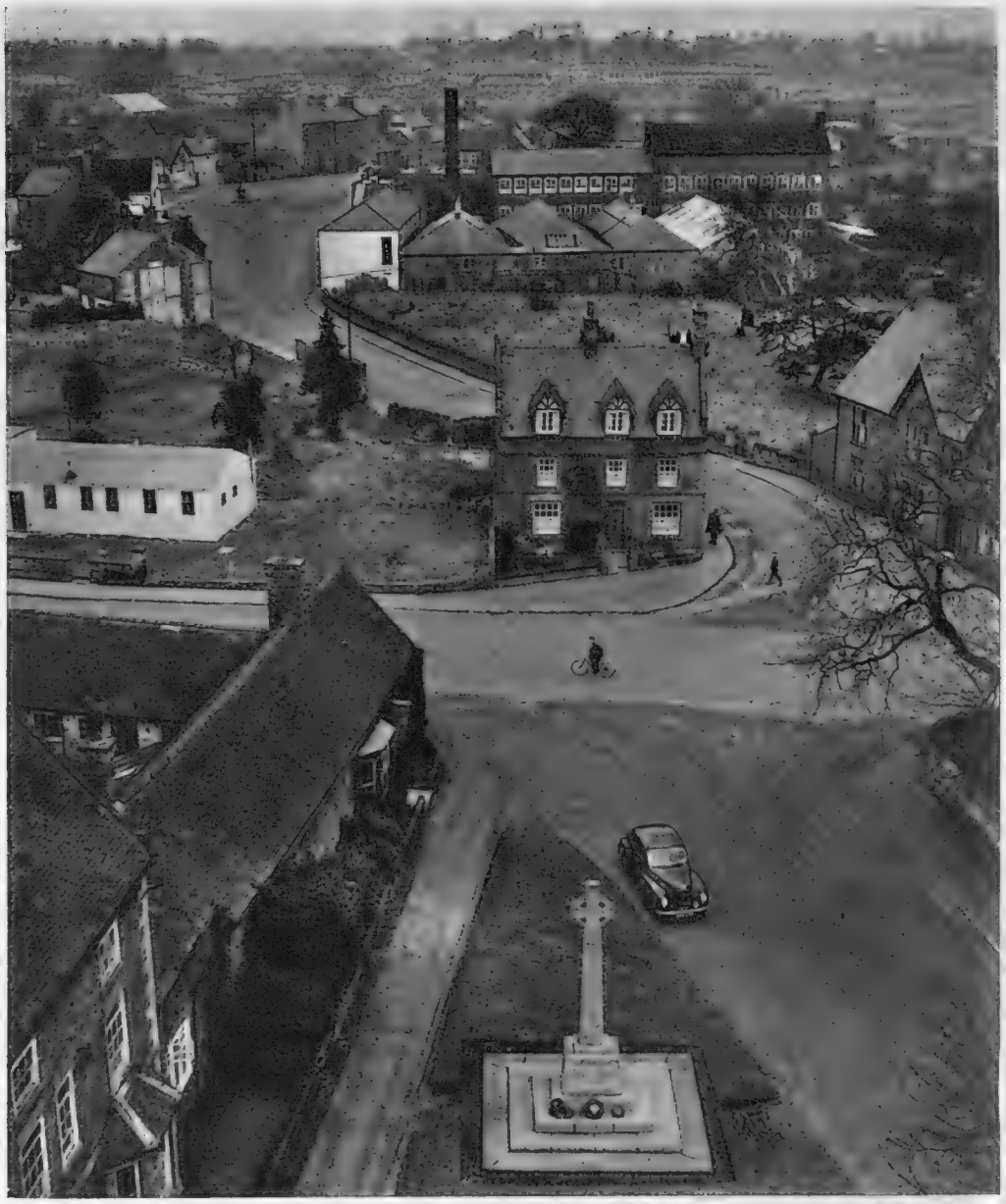
LINING: Using a hand-operated turn-table, the worker accurately centres the piece before applying lines or bands by brush. The colours and patterns are fused by a third and final firing.

MELBOURNE: A DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE WHICH FATHERED A GREAT AUSTRALIAN CITY

Life in Melbourne To-day, a Place of Market Gardens and Historic Associations at the Southern End of the County

MELBOURNE, THE DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE WHICH GAVE ITS NAME TO MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, IS APPROACHED FROM THE NORTH ALONG THE OLD PACKHORSE ROAD: This road was built over 1,600 years ago as a highway from the north of England. The earliest record of Melbourne, Derbyshire, is contained in Domesday Book.

THE PRESENT MELBOURNE HALL, HOME OF THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN: The house was built in the seventeenth century and was altered and enlarged in 1721 by Coke. There has in all probability been a house on this particular site since Norman times.



NEAR THE TOWN CENTRE OF MELBOURNE ARE THE MODERN CASTLE MILLS, WHERE TEXTILES ARE PRODUCED: These mills mark the site of Melbourne Castle, of which a part of one wall remains. The keep, built on the site in A.D. 900 in the reign of King Arthur, was replaced by a great castle. In the year 1700 Coke obtained permission for the use of the stones of the then ruined castle in the rebuilding of Melbourne Hall, which is seen on the left.

IN THE HEART OF THE OLD VILLAGE OF MELBOURNE: *Left*—Mr. Adcock, owner of the "mill on the stream" from which the name of Mileburn, or Melbourne, was probably derived, discusses some business with Mr. Albert Andrews, Clerk of the Parish Council. The old mill is on the site of the original building mentioned in Domesday Book. *Right*—Mr. Harry Roberts, of Melbourne, engaged in shoeing operations at the smithy. He is also a great expert in wrought-iron work.

One indication of the historical ties which bind the peoples of the British Commonwealth is the recurrence all over the world of the place names of the British Isles. Emigrants of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, carrying to a new world the ideals and freedoms they had enjoyed in the old world, often chose to call their settlements by names reminding them of home. Melbourne, capital city of the State of Victoria, Australia, was, for instance, named after a tiny Derbyshire village.

One hundred and seventeen years ago, a small party of British colonists selected a site in southern Australia which has now become a city of 1,250,000 inhabitants. In 1837, when Queen Victoria ascended the English Throne, her first Prime Minister was the second Lord Melbourne, of Melbourne, Derbyshire; the then tiny settlement of Melbourne, Australia, was named in his honour, and the State of Victoria, in which Melbourne was placed, perpetuated the name of the Queen.

At that time, Melbourne Hall, home of the Prime Minister, was already some 200 years old, having been rebuilt in the sixteenth century, although it had existed on the site since Norman times.

The earliest record of Melbourne, Derby, built on a Roman road, was in the Domesday Book, where it is described as "a priest, and a church (1 bi Presbyter et Ecclesia), and one mill of three shillings, and twenty-four acres of meadow land." Probably it is from this "Mill on a stream" that Melbourne derives its name. Many of the "sweete springs" chronicled centuries ago still exist to-day, one of them serving a pump in the market place.

To-day, many personal links exist between the two Melbournes; in recent years the Derbyshire Melbourne has been visited by Lord Mayors of Melbourne, Victoria, and other dignitaries have exchanged official visits.

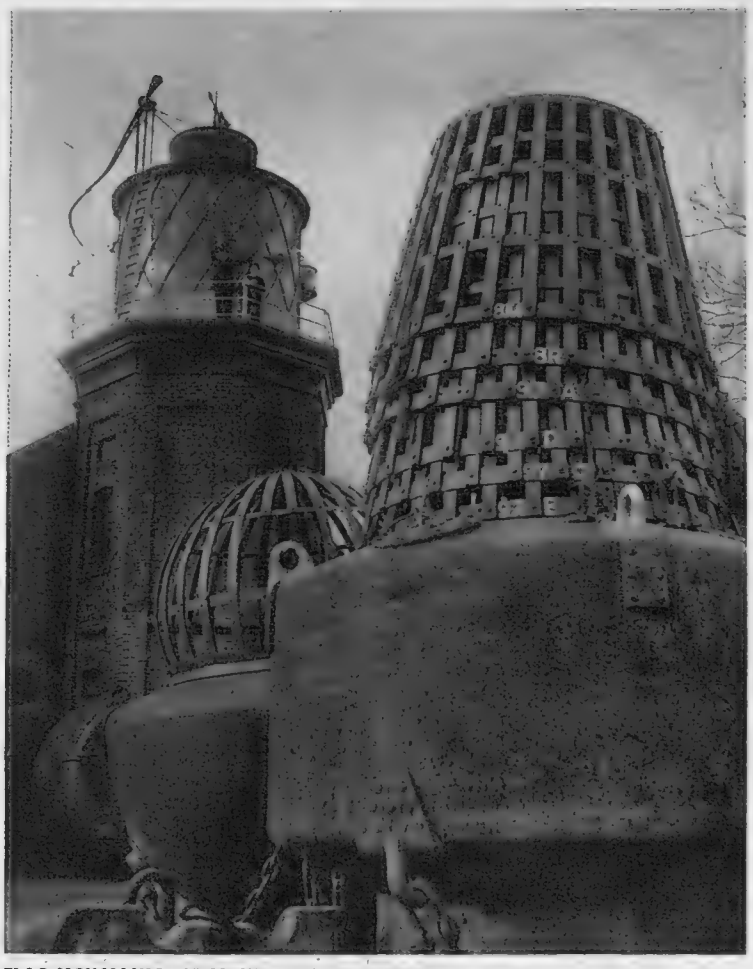
In Chrichton Porteous's *Derbyshire*, one of the volumes in the County series, there is a good description of modern Melbourne, although it is not very flattering. "Melbourne, or most of it, instead of mellowing," declares Mr. Porteous, "seems to have deteriorated as time has passed, and we find it difficult to imagine it with a famous and important castle. The most prosperous feature of Melbourne now is the open field market gardens round it which look well and faithfully kept."

SCHOOL FOR LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Training in Progress at the Famous Blackwall Depot on the Thames Tideway

TRAINING IN THE USE OF THE ALDIS LAMP : From the top of the training depot at Blackwall where supernumerary assistant lighthouse, keepers receive courses of instruction, Mr. K. Dungee is seen using an Aldis lamp. He is standing beside Mr. G. Brennan, who, with notepaper and pencil in hand, waits to receive messages. Blackwall is the sub-depot for the lighthouse service, the chief depot being at Harwich. Classes are held for two or three potential keepers at a time.

BUOYS BEING FLOATED FROM THE TRINITY HOUSE SUB-DEPOT IN THE THAMES AT BLACKWALL TO A WAITING NAVAL VESSEL : The work of maintaining the navigational aids round Britain's coasts is divided between six depots and one sub-depot. In addition to the training of keepers at Blackwall, much highly-skilled maintenance is done.



FLAG-SIGNALLING TRAINING AT BLACKWALL : *Left*—Trainees signalling from the lighthouse platform. *Right*—Looking out across the tideway from the platform, a view showing lines of barges in the distance. In the foreground are buoys and other equipment brought in to the Blackwall sub-depot for repair.

One of the principal tasks of the ancient Corporation of Trinity House is the provision and maintenance of buoys, beacons, lightships and lighthouses round the coasts of England, Wales and the Channel Islands, and, in conjunction with the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses (whose work was described in a recent issue of The Sphere) and the Commissioners of Irish Lights, round the remaining coasts of Great Britain. The Corporation has jurisdiction over no fewer than 62 watched lighthouses, 34 unwatched or partly watched, 43 lightvessels, 600 buoys and 159 beacons.

The work of maintaining these navigational aids is divided between six depots and one sub-depot. Harwich is the chief depot, and at Blackwall on the Thames tideway, the traditional birthplace of British maritime supremacy, is the sub-depot; much highly-skilled work and scientific testing of gear and equipment is there carried out, and it is there that many of our future lighthouse keepers are initially trained, although most of the training is on actual service.

Fronting the Blackwall Reach of the Thames and the western bank of Bow Creek, the estuary of the River Lea, the Blackwall sub-depot presents a fascinating picture to the river traffic. Ranged along the wharf are buoys of all shapes (port-hand can buoys, starboard-hand conical buoys and middle-ground spherical buoys), sizes (the largest buoys laid down by the Corporation are about 12 tons in weight, over 30 ft. long and are attached to sinkers weighing up to 5 tons) and colours (they are painted in distinguishing strips, circles and patches). Some of the buoys are surmounted by easily recognised top marks; about one-third of the Corporation's buoys are lighted, usually by acetylene gas stored in cylinders requiring recharging only at long intervals, and many carry automatic whistles and bells. Navigation buoys on our coasts were in existence as early as the seventeenth century.

The Blackwall Depot is, however, not entirely devoted to the service of buoys. Sometimes the dignified neck of an automatic lighthouse rises from the huddle of buoys, or a lightship may lie alongside awaiting attention. In the workshops are lanterns with highly complicated lenses, and other equipment needing to be overhauled or tested.

In the service of all this floating and shore-based plant, the Corporation maintains a number of tenders stationed in the different districts, and one of these handsome little vessels is frequently seen at moorings off the Blackwall Depot. Her duties are numerous, for she is used to tow lightships to and from their stations, carry relief crews and stores to the lightships, and examine buoys and beacons within her patrol.

The industry and efficiency of the Blackwall Depot is significant of the Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whereby the Corporation was authorised to set up "such and so many beacons, marks and signs for the sea and in such place or places of the seashores and uplands near the sea coasts or forelands of the sea . . . whereby the dangers may be avoided and escaped and ships the better come unto their ports without peril."

THE MONARCHY AND THE NATION

The New Reign and the Democratic Evolution it May Witness

By JOHN GORE

THERE are already hints and indications that during the new reign clearer expression will be given to the already publicly accepted changes in the structure of society. Since the death of Queen Victoria, all our sovereigns have shown personally an awareness of the advance of democracy and have more and more gone out to meet it and to satisfy its demands. In their personal lives and activities they have revealed an appreciation of the requirements of a constitutional monarchy in an up-to-date democracy which is in advance of that of some of those who serve the Court. No doubt at all there is more than one point of view to be considered. The Monarchy to-day holds its high and impregnable place in the nation's esteem for two main reasons which are not entirely compatible. First in the simplicity, the integrity, the human sympathy, the *personal* democracy, of the Royal Family. But hardly less in the splendour, the grace, the efficiency, the romance, of its picturesque adherence to traditional pomps. These pomps are still largely based on the idea (dead to the public but not to the Court as a whole) of a privileged society and an hereditary system which still preserves some quite important hereditary functions.

The efficiency of our Court functions are admired all over the world. When a foreign sovereign pays an official visit to our Court, certain invariable and traditional ceremonies take place and are carried out without a hitch by a team of "actors" who have the experience and the graces of centuries of practice and tradition behind them. They are hand-picked members of the old aristocracy who are used to Court formalities and are invariably summoned to the banquets and ceremonies.

But in the public view to-day (it might be argued by way of example) Mrs. Braddock or Mrs. Bevan, members of the only House of Parliament which retains much of its ancient power and is unlikely to lose any more of it, are, democratically considered, more important people than Mistresses of the Robes. But a vast majority of the public would honestly admit that these lady M.P.s, lacking long experience, would not serve the commonly-desired purposes of splendid and graceful ceremonial better than (or even as well as) the carefully hand-picked members of the ancient aristocracy. And in these matters the Sovereign is as much concerned to preserve the old tradition as in their private lives to ensure democratic evolution.

There are, of course, other prized and very ancient institutions (apart from the hereditary aristocracy, of which more will be said) very personal to the Sovereign which are continued and carried on, although the times have rendered them outworn and even absurd. The Knighthood of the Garter, very dear to the late King and to many of his subjects, is an example. That ancient noble Order, in the very fact that it required "no damned merit," presupposed that it required a good deal of pomp and circumstance in the chosen knights. The pages of Trollope remind us how the choice of a Knight of the Garter as late as 1870 could be a political question of first importance. To-day the Sovereign nominates to the Order without advice from his first Minister.

In those days a Duke of Omnium was a pre-ordained choice because of his rent-roll and political patronage alone. Certainly it was never conceived that a K.G. would be compelled to wash up greasy plates on "Mary's day out," but that conception is not so remote to-day when the difficulty in the way of finding a suitable candidate from the perhaps most powerful political party in the State is obviously great. Some of us who most sincerely prize such ancient and historic institutions would perhaps prefer that they should not drag on to outlive their usefulness by *reductio ad absurdum*.

Queen Elizabeth II's reign began under a Conservative Government. Had it begun under Mr. Attlee, the auspices would probably have been no less favourable. I am not a prophet and I see into the future less far than most publicists, but I regard it as a reasonably safe bet that before her reign ends, she will call into office a Premier and a Government very much more to the Left than any which has yet administered the realm since the time of Cromwell, and in my mind it is not only sound but vital policy that our most beloved and firmly entrenched institution—the Monarchy—should anticipate concessions to democracy which will quite certainly be demanded, before many years have passed, by a Government and a popular voice more iconoclastic and less tradition-loving than the present. For my part, I frankly confess that I would have preferred to live out my life under the political system and the social structure of my youth, moving towards democracy and equality by peaceful evolution and not by a revolution, peaceful indeed, but all too swift. Our new structure of society would have had far firmer and more effective foundations if it could have patiently waited on the results of improvements in national education. But that is a personal and irrelevant interjection.

It was interesting to observe in many responsible newspapers, including *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, how frankly and clearly this problem of democratisation as it affects the Monarchy to-day was appreciated and voiced during the first days of the new reign. This is very much an era of transition in social life. Thus *The Times*: "The difficulty in a society that is uncertain of its own conventions is to ensure that (Court) ceremony is in step with sentiment," and again: "Forms and ceremonies are not cast in a lasting mould." The trouble is that so many of the advisers of Princes do not subscribe to that last dictum. They worship tradition and precedent and for ever add to their weight and complexity. So it was in the Spanish Court of Alfonso XIII and in the Belgian. So, earlier, in the Courts of Charles I and Louis XVI.

Only the other day the Editor of *Burke's Peerage* (and surely he wrote with *altruism* as well as with honest conviction) expressed his opinion with telling instances that our aristocratic tradition maintained by hereditary titles (and at Court by hereditary offices and privileges) has already become something of a farce.

"At the same time that the aristocracy is in decline the creation of hereditary titles has gone on apace. During the six years of Labour rule (1945-51) eighty peerages, all hereditary, were created. A new class, that of the trade union nominee, has entered the ranks of the peerage. But if the heir to an old title has to sell his estate and live in a London flat, what of the 'nobleman' whose income is derived from a trade union secretaryship or a seat on a nationalised board? What is to happen when Lord Citrine, Lord Crook, Lord Shepherd or Lord Calverley die? Will their sons thank them for the title of 'My Lord'? Take the case of Lord Kirkwood. He has several sons. One of them will succeed to his title, the rest will go through life as the Hon. . . . Kirkwood. Is this former Clydeside rebel likely to be able to leave his heir enough money to support his due dignity as a peer of the realm? Unless titles are to be abolished altogether some Government will have to introduce life peerages. These are already in use where the Law Lords are concerned and serve a very useful purpose. Why did not Mr. Attlee's Government introduce this measure? May not human vanity, even among the Socialists, have defeated them?

"However, if our aristocratic tradition is not to become an utter farce, life peerages will have to come. Otherwise I can foresee the day when Charge Hand No. 337 summoned before the shop steward for some error in the machine shop will be told by his mates: 'Come on, yer lordship, the boss wants you.'"

My only comment on this *cri du cœur* from *Burke's* Editor is this: a trades union official is every whit as entitled to receive on merit the Sovereign's highest award as is a rich brewer or powerful Press boss. It is the *award* and not the receiver of it that is "inappropriate."

For in truth since 1940 a new tendency is to be observed. For centuries the new peerage creations did indeed "recruit" the aristocracy. They joined and gradually embraced the class to which they had been promoted. That is not so customary to-day. The older aristocracy is no longer recruited by a majority of the new "creations" who prefer to remain, or who by force of economic circumstances remain, as they were, outside the order. To that extent, the ancient aristocracy is indeed a dying order, and the peerage, once accepted as a buffer State between the Throne and the commonalty, henceforth may split; the old and the new aristocracy may take different roads, the former still serving in some sort as a buffer State, the latter playing no such role. That might well prove harmful to the Monarchy despite its entire innocence of any favouritism.

Some time during the present reign it seems certain that the reform of the Upper House must be achieved and that that reform will largely sweep away the hereditary system. I do not believe that if the system vanishes entirely it will have any harmful effect on the Monarchy, which now needs no buffer State between itself and democracy nor requires any precedent for itself retaining the hereditary principle. If the reform comes, it will make concrete the new structure of society and remove from our nation charges of absurdity, hypocrisy and muddle-mindedness. We cannot go on much longer boasting in Parliament and on world platforms of our new "class-less" society and of the equality of all citizens in status and opportunity and yet continue to maintain and confer or hand down hereditary titles and privileges on persons who may never win the merit to justify them. We cannot much longer continue to confer such titles on persons, 50 per cent. of whom may regard them as a "kicking upstairs" or as a risk of alienation from their own circle of friends. And if the hereditary titles go, some of the hereditary privileges must gradually go also, even at the risk of a loss of grace and romantic tradition in Court ceremonial—which most of us would regret. But it is clear that even in the first hours of the new reign, some of these anomalies were troubling even sober citizens.

The "estates of the realm" (the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons) are still to-day—we know not for how long more—unchanged. But it is worth remembering that as late as the Coronation of George II the summons to peeresses to Westminster went out to fewer than 180 persons. There were then in existence but two marquesses and not more than sixty barons. Their "space value" was very much less in the Abbey in the days of their importance than to-day in their decline in constitutional importance.

These figures are interesting. The heart-cry and warning of *Burke's* Editor (which I quoted) do suggest that a precedent can be carried to excess. The space in the Abbey has not increased. That part of it which is usually reserved for privileged witnesses of a multi-national and democratic ceremony and sacrament has increased out of all proportion, if indeed we *are* become a class-less society in a commonwealth of nations. These facts and figures suggest that precedent should give way to the ballot or to rationing when it comes to summoning the "trusty and well-beloved" to a new Coronation in a new and very self-conscious democracy.

A DRAMATIC ELECTION AT HOLYROODHOUSE—THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE PALACE LAST WEEK WHEN, BY THE CASTING VOTE OF THE LORD CLERK REGISTER, LORD ELPHINSTONE, THE EARL OF PERTH WAS ELECTED AS A SCOTTISH REPRESENTATIVE PEER TO TAKE HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: This by-election was caused by the death of the Earl of Perth's father. The last occasion on which a peer was elected by a single vote was on January 10, 1788, when Lord Cathcart received 28 votes to the Earl of Dumfries' 27. There was great excitement in the chamber when the Principal Clerk of Session read out the votes, and followed this up with a reading of the proxy votes, the totals adding to 19 for Lord Reay and 19 for the Earl of Perth. It was then that Lord Elphinstone, as Lord Clerk Register, made his casting vote.

A HELPING HAND IN A CROFTER COUNTY

STUDENTS PLAY THEIR PART IN MAINTAINING CULTIVATION IN A REMOTE VILLAGE OF WESTER ROSS

A CROFT ON THE SHORES OF LOCH EWE, AT INVERASDALE, IN WESTER ROSS, THE REMOTE VILLAGE WHERE TWENTY-THREE STUDENTS HAVE EACH GIVEN TEN DAYS OF THEIR TIME TO HELPING THE CROFTERS: The students are from Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, mostly agricultural students, but there is at least one arts and one law student among them. They have been brought together under a scheme sponsored by a small group of people who will no longer stand by and see Highland communities dwindling. They have taken Inverasdale as typical of such communities. Looking round and finding crofts which are a burden to old folks and women left alone, they invited students to spend their holidays in helping these people, without pay. There were more volunteers than they could accept. A committee of villagers selected ten crofts where volunteer help was required, and each morning the students were collected by van from their billets and dropped at those crofts. They have ploughed and planted, and have cut peats. Several of the crofts were inaccessible by tractor and the ground was turned over yard by yard with a spade.

Below—

A BACK-BREAKING TASK ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S BEHALF: Miss Maclean, a crofter of Wester Ross, working with two student helpers, David Patton and J. B. Macdonald, on her property. The students come from the West of Scotland Agricultural College in Glasgow and give up their spare time for this heavy task.

SOIL FROM ERODED WHEATFIELDS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA SWEEPS ACROSS THE HIGHWAY: This picture was taken on the Calder highway between Sea Lake and Ouyen, in north Victoria, where fields that once yielded rich harvests are now deserts. In some places the sand and soil covered the highway to a depth of more than a foot. But farmers, encouraged by recent rainfalls, still hope for a good year.

On left—

SOME OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF CATTLE WHICH HAVE DIED IN THE GREAT NORTH AUSTRALIAN DROUGHT: The carcases of the animals lie near a dried-up water-hole at a station north of Tennant Creek, in the Northern Territory, where the worst drought in living memory has accounted for a great proportion of the vast herds. The Rivers and water-holes have completely dried up.

AUSTRALIA'S GREAT FARM PROBLEMS

The Menace of Drought and Erosion

PERSONALITIES

"FIRST-TIME" FORDYCE IN ENGLAND; KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD'S NEW YORK FAREWELL; THE NEW L.C.C. CHAIRMAN; LORD SALISBURY AND SERETSE; MRS. BRADDOCK IN ACTION

A NEW PERSONALITY ON THE ENGLISH TURF—THE AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY "FIRST-TIME" FORDYCE CHECKING OVER HIS WEIGHT AT GEORGE BEEBY'S STABLES AT COMPTON, BERKS: Fordyce, who has come over to England to ride for Beeby during the present season, has a remarkable record of wins in his first races on unfamiliar courses. He has achieved this in Australia, India, Ceylon, and now in England. At the start of the recent Aintree meeting he "sailed home" on Irish Sally, and thus lived up to his nickname. Other great Australian newcomers to Britain in recent years have been "last-race" Cook, well known for his innumerable victories in the last event on the card, and Edgar Britt, who, like "Togo" Johnstone, now has an established reputation in Europe. Breasley is another brilliant Australian with a penchant for riding strong finishes.

SELF-POSSESSED AND BOLT UPRIGHT: Jabeena Maslin was conspicuous among the young riders at the Warren Wood Pony Show held at Tattenham Corner, Epsom, to raise funds for Britain's Olympic Games venture. Jabeena is seven.

FOND FAREWELL: Kirsten Flagstad, Norwegian-born soprano, grasps the hand of Rudolf Bing, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, after her final operatic appearance in New York. She is holding a cup presented to her by friends and admirers in the Metropolitan Opera Guild. Kirsten Flagstad will make several more appearances in the United States before returning to Europe and going into retirement.

GEORGE DAWSON, THE COCKNEY DEALER IN SURPLUS STORES, TAKES HIS SHOES OFF AT A PRESS CONFERENCE AT GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON: Dawson, who was on a brief visit to England, denounced American Big Business for trying to oust him, and condemned American methods employed in putting rivals out of the way. Mr. Dawson's deals in Germany are said to have involved several millions in sterling. He has been a mysterious figure in these post-war deals, and it is known that he has often bid successfully against very powerful American interests.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL—MR. EDWIN BAYLISS, AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE WHO LOST AN ARM AT YPRES DURING THE 1914-18 WAR, WAS NOMINATED FOR OFFICE BY THE LABOUR MEMBERS OF THE L.C.C. WHEN THEY MET AT COUNTY HALL LAST WEEK AFTER THE ELECTIONS: Mr. Bayliss, who is seen in this picture with Mrs. Bayliss, has been Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the Council. In the elections on April 3 he was returned for East Islington at the top of the poll with a majority of over 5,000 votes, being one of the ninety-two Labour members returned.

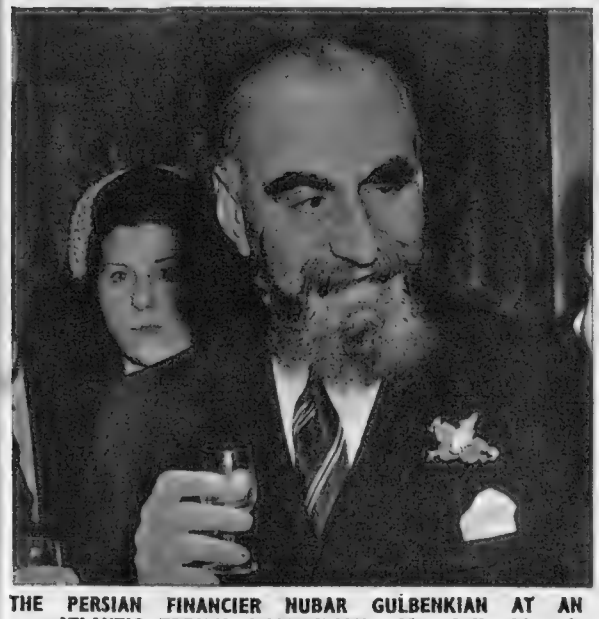
SIR BERNARD AND LADY DOCKER ARRIVE AT WINCHESTER GUILDHALL : They were attending the resumed hearing before an agricultural tribunal of an appeal by Mr. Douglas Seligman against the decision of the Minister of Agriculture in consenting to a notice to quit a farm on Sir Bernard's estate. Sir Hartley Shawcross, appearing for Mr. Seligman, suggested earlier in court that Sir Bernard's land was farmed at about half the efficiency of Mr. Seligman's, which Sir Bernard wanted to control. The tribunal is to visit both Sir Bernard's farm and Mr. Seligman's on April 21.

MRS. BRADDOCK RETURNS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER HER RECENT SUSPENSION : On March 27, in the course of a debate on the textile industry, Mrs. Braddock, pressing her claims to speak, defied requests from the Deputy Speaker, Sir Charles Mac-Andrew, that she should sit down. She complained that she had sat in the House from 2 a.m. and had risen frequently, but had been unsuccessful in catching the Deputy Speaker's eye. When her determination to resist became plain the Speaker was called, and a motion for her suspension carried.

MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER AT A FASHION SHOW : Edda Ciano Mussolini, whose late husband Count Ciano was Foreign Minister in the heyday of Fascism, seen during a recent visit to the fashion house of Federico Emilio Schuberth, in Rome, where she saw the spring and summer collection. The celebrated couturier is on the left, with a cigarette in his mouth. On the right is Count Piero Bazzardi. In the first days after the war Edda Ciano spent much of her time on the islands of Capri and Ischia, but in recent years she has tended to become a public figure once again.

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, LORD PRIVY SEAL AND SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS: Lord Salisbury is seen here at work in his office.

On left—THE NEW SECRETARY FOR COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS : Lord Salisbury, who is also Lord Privy Seal, argued the case for the Government in the recent House of Lords' debate on the banishment of Seretse Khama. He severely criticised the Labour Government who, "by their hesitations and vacillations, had allowed this unhappy situation to arise." The situation was drifting, he told the House, and would, in the view of the Government, have become more intractable if a firm decision had not been made. Unlike Tshekedi Khama, Seretse had refused to give a pledge not to take any part in the political activities of the tribe, and if he went back now the chances of a new chief being accepted would be postponed and divisions and unrest would follow.



THE PERSIAN FINANCIER NUBAR GULBENKIAN AT AN ATLANTIC TREATY CELEBRATION : Mr. Gulbenkian is seen at a party given recently to celebrate the third anniversary of the signing of the Atlantic Treaty.

MR. NUBAR SARKISS GULBENKIAN : This distinguished-looking man of business was dismissed from the post of honorary Commercial Attaché to the Persian Embassy in London in June last year, at the time of the Persian oil crisis. He is the son of the Persian multi-millionaire oil king, Mr. Calust Gulbenkian, who at the same time was dismissed from his post of honorary Commercial Attaché to the Persian Legation in Paris.

MR. JAMES MILLER, THE LORD PROVOST, PERFORMS THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE UNITED STATES INFORMATION CENTRE IN EDINBURGH : On the Lord Provost's left are Mr. Julius Holmes, the United States Minister in London, and Mr. Franklin Erwin, Public Affairs Officer, who will be in charge of the centre. There are now more than 150 American information centres in various parts of the world. Their object is to provide an organisation capable of explaining to the peoples of other nations the principles, ideals and practices of the American way of life.

THE ISLE OF SCARBA, FROM BEHIND CULLIPOOL, ISLE OF LUING: In the centre of the picture is a disused slate quarry. Scarba stands near the entrance to the Firth of Lorne, near the northern tip of Jura. It is divided from Jura by the Gulf of Corryvreckan. Slate quarrying has been carried out in this area for several centuries.

THE SLATE ISLANDS OF LORNE

Where Quarrying Has Been Going On, though Somewhat Intermittently, for Three or Four Centuries, and Where Some of the Older Quarries are Now Being Reopened

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR
(Author of "The Goat Wife," "Portrait of a Village," "The Western Isles")

The recent announcement that some of the older slate quarries among the Slate Islands of Lorne, Argyllshire, are being reopened, in order to meet the increasing demand for good roofing slates in connection with various housing schemes, lends to this article a touch of topicality.

THE high-road running south from Oban in the direction of Kilninver brings one within easy reach of at least three of the well-known Slate Islands of Lorne—Seil, Easdale and Luing. In each of these, slate quarrying has been going on, though somewhat intermittently, for three or four centuries.

At Clachan Bridge one crosses from the Argyllshire mainland to Seil itself by a hump-backed, stone bridge of a single arch, erected towards the close of the eighteenth century. This structure, known as Clachan Bridge, strides the strait where it is narrowest. The apex of its span of 78 ft. is 26 above high-water mark. For a considerable distance to the north and to the south of this spot, the channel remains so constricted that the tidal waters streaming through it resemble more closely an impetuous inland river than a marine current. Over this bridge passes all pedestrian and vehicular traffic for Seil and for Easdale, and, indeed, for Luing also. The road bearing southward from it, through Seil itself, and skirting the slate-quarrying centre of Balvicar, ends where the tides sweep swiftly through Cuan Sound, over which one is ferried a distance of roughly a quarter-of-a-mile to Luing. There, at the jetty, the "Luing Local" awaits one. This compact omnibus traverses the greater part of Luing, calling first at Cullipool, the populous quarrying centre by its western shore, and proceeding thereafter to Toberonochy, the island's other centre of population, situated by its eastern shore, and separated from the lofty and well-timbered Isle of Shuna by the sound of the same name.

ELLENABEICH, ISLE OF SEIL, FROM THE ISLE OF EASDALE: The little harbour, with its neat whitewashed homes, is most picturesque. These cottages are occupied by the quarrymen and their families, often from generation to generation. "A weird atmosphere pervades this island," says Mr. MacGregor in his accompanying article.

Easdale is reached from Seil by a ferry-boat plying constantly, the strait between these two islands being but 400 ft. wide at its narrowest. Its village of whitewashed, slated, one-storey cottages would seem to be a continuation of Ellenabeich, the similar village on the Seil side of the strait. These cottages are occupied solely by the quarrymen and their families, often from generation to generation. The former are employed at such quarries among the Slate Islands as have not been denuded of slates commercially profitable to work and to market. On Easdale's more elevated reaches, as well as on such of its lower parts as have not been entirely stripped of verdure by quarryings and resultant slag-heaps, the villagers' cows graze at will.

A weird atmosphere pervades this island, with its precipitous cliffs of slate, and its numerous, abandoned quarries now filled with green, slimy water. To one accustomed to wild places unspoilt by commerce, these present an unattractive appearance. Even the storm-beaches, where they are composed of elongated dumps of broken and discarded slates, are apt to be repellent.

Scanning from Easdale's higher parts the great, deep basins of still, ominous water, and bearing in mind that quarrying operations began here as long ago as 1631, one realises how considerable a proportion of its surface has been reduced to within a few feet of sea-level.

Luing is certainly the island from which several of the lesser and more remote of the Inner Hebrides may be reached most conveniently. From Cullipool a lobster-fisherman may transport one westward to Fladda and its lighthouse, or to what the quarrymen have left of Belnahua, or to the Garvellach Isles, a couple of miles beyond. Anybody desirous of examining on Aileach an Naoimh, most

SPLITTING AND DRESSING SLATES AT CULLIPOOL : Youths at work in the quarries on the Isle of Luing. This is at present the only slate quarry operating on Luing. The workings in the Toberonochy neighbourhood have long since been abandoned.

WILMA AT THE VILLAGE PUMP : A young inhabitant of the town of Cullipool, Isle of Luing. Nearly all the people of Cullipool, young and old, have some part in the slate quarrying operations.

THE TIDE SWIRLING THROUGH CUAN SOUND IN THE SLATE ISLANDS : This picture, taken at the Cuan Ferry, shows the Island of Seil in the background. The cottages in the foreground are on Luing.

A TYPICAL ROW OF QUARRYMEN'S COTTAGES : Breadalbain Street, Toberonochy, on the Isle of Luing. Luing has other pursuits in addition to slate quarrying, and has a splendid dairy farm which not only supplies the needs of the islanders, but sends surplus produce to Oban.

celebrated of the remote Garvellachs, its ancient, ecclesiological remains would be wise to make the attempt from Cullipool.

Luing stretches six miles southward from Cuan Sound. Nowhere does its breadth exceed a mile-and-a-half. The most southerly third of its 3,800 acres—the region known as Ard Luing—is rough and little frequented. Sheep and cattle graze upon it. The remaining two-thirds of the island have always carried a fair population, distributed among its villages, hamlets small farms and crofts. No quarrying has been pursued south of Toberonochy. Consequently, human habitations are not to be found beyond this village of small, whitewashed cottages.

At present the only slate quarry operating in Luing is that at Cullipool, which appears to be employing most of its adult male population, and also a number of its youths. The workings in the Toberonochy neighbourhood have been abandoned. In 1951 I witnessed the departure from Cullipool of a coasting vessel carrying to Lerwick, for various housing schemes in the Shetlands, no fewer than 180,000 slates—one of the largest shipments by any single coaster throughout Luing's long associations with the slate trade.

Luing is not rich in archæological remains, though the sites of some forts, probably of prehistoric origin, have been identified. Little survives of the old church of Kilchattan but part of its walls. The burying-place in which it is set is not without interest, however. Close to the inside wall, along the outer side of which runs the road between Cullipool and Toberonochy, is a recumbent slab bearing the following inscription :

I protest that none be buried after me in this grave which I have dug for myself as Jacob did Gen. 5. having adhered till death to the whole work of the second reformation in Scotland between the year 1638 and 1649 and died in full assurance of the heavenly inheritance. Heb. VI. 11. & 19.

At the head of this recumbent slab is an upright stone built into the churchyard wall. On the side facing inwards is this inscription :

SACRED : It is a marvelous headstone in the eyes of builders, the Lord's doings,—Psal. cxviii. 22, 23. Also marvelous, to most, that I digged my grave before I died, as Jacob Gen. L. 5 & Joseph Arimathea, Matth, xxvii, 57-60, Israel would not bury evil men with good, 2 chr, xxi, 18, 19, 20. Jer. xxii. 17, 18, 19. Joseah King said, move not the man of God's bones, 2 king xxiii. 17, 18. Its a bed of rest to the righteous, Isa. Lvii. 2, & no rest for the wicked, Isa. xLvii. 22. but a Prison, & I protested that none go in my grave after me, if not have the earnest of spirit to be a child of God as I am of election sure, Rom. viii. 15, 16, 2 Petr. 1, 10, of the same principal of Pure Presbyterian Religion, the Covenanted cause of Christ, & church government adhering to the Confession of Faith, Second Reformation, Purity & Power of Covenants, & Noble Cloud of Witnesses Testimonies that Jesus Christ is the head King & Governor of the Church & not mortal man, as their King now is.

Thereunder, as one reads in smaller letters, " lies the Corp of Alexr. Campbell who lived in Achadnadure & died on 4th Novm. 1829. Aged 78 years."

This inscription, concluding with an invective against Popery, Prelacy, and other testifyings, might well provide one with a mental exercise in the realm of Bible knowledge, or foster a desire to return to the scene with an Old and a New Testament in one's hand.

The outer side of this headstone bears a lengthy inscription legible only from the roadside, which it faces. Lighting conditions were not sufficiently good to have enabled me to copy it the day I explored Kilchattan. Campbell carved these memorials for himself, years before he died. His age and the date of his death were, of course, added later.

Belnahua lies a couple of miles west of Cullipool, a little beyond Fladda. It has been derelict for nearly forty years. In the heyday of the slate industry in Lorne, it was one of the most profitably worked of all the Slate Islands. The villagers, most of whom hailed from the neighbouring islands, had their own store there. They also had a school for their children. The few cows pastured on such of the island's surface as had not already been quarried away.

An uglier and more forlorn spot than Belnahua, it would be difficult to imagine. Even at the height of its prosperity, it must have been ugly. Now it is—sinister. Few set foot upon it. Not that it was ever too easy of access, except to skilly seamen knowing the foibles of the treacherous waters in which it lies.

Though Luing is now one of the most accessible of the Inner Hebrides, many legends and traditions still survive there. The island is by no means devoid of inhabitants who can recite its folk-tales in the old Gaelic manner.

There lies among its uplands a little sheet of water known as the Fiddler's Loch, close to which stand the ruins of an old fort said to have been built, centuries ago, for the protection of the inhabitants against the ravishing Northmen.

Now there once lived in the Fiddler's Loch—" and maybe does to this day," my storyteller added—a seahorse, which kept the natives in a constant state of panic. Unlike other horses, he did not care for a diet of grass and oats : he preferred to feed on the islanders' livestock, and, indeed, from time to time, on *themselves* ! For this reason the people of Luing kept good hours ; and they insisted that their children should be indoors by sunset, lest the seahorse devoured them.

In mounds by the shore of the Fiddler's Loch lived a community of the Little Folk who, at sundown, came forth from their dwellings to dance to the fiddler's playing—an enchanting sight which the older and bolder natives of Luing often watched ! When there was a shower of rain, the Little Folk hurriedly retired to their mounds to have supper. And so, to this day, when a shower falls on Luing while the sun is shining, an islander may be heard remarking " The Little Folk will be at their supper now."

ZEST ON THE HIGHWAY

Two New Cars Which Offer a High Standard of Performance

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

ROAD tests of two outstanding British cars—the Jaguar XK120 and the 1½-litre Riley—have lately given me some fast, exciting motoring. Here are two cars which are excellent in their own particular class: the Jaguar as a time-cheating, elegant sports two-seater and the Riley as a five-seater family saloon which admirably combines comfort with zestful performance and economical running.

Let me deal with the Jaguar first. It is a car for which I have always had great admiration; right from the time when Bill Lyons, chairman and managing director of Jaguar Cars, Ltd., flew a few of us over to Belgium to watch one of the first prototypes being put through its paces on the fine motor road near Ostend.

"I've invited you over here," I remember him saying, "to show you why we have called our new sports cars the XK120. That 's not merely a type number. It 's the speed she 'll do any day, any time." And so it is.

We were most impressed to see this new British standard production car hurtling along that motor road at more than 120 miles an hour. We were more excited still when Bill Lyons let us drive that low-slung, sleek-looking speedster.

Since then I have often handled an XK120 in London traffic and have always found that it is as easy to drive in crowded City streets as a small family saloon.

The XK has been built round a 6-cylinder, 3½-litre engine, with twin overhead camshafts. The bore is 83 mm., the stroke 106 mm. At 5,200 r.p.m. it develops 160 brake horse-power. It runs with silky smoothness at all speeds, and when you put your foot down on the accelerator the car fairly leaps away, like a greyhound out of a stadium trap.

I won't bother you with many figures, but the acceleration is simply staggering. From a standing start, and using only three of the four gear ratios, you can get up to 80 miles an hour in about 16 seconds. Then, easing back the conveniently-placed gear lever into top position, you are soon past the 100 mark and still accelerating.

The gear-box is a fine piece of workmanship: quiet-running and with excellent synchromesh. With the XK's high top speed and exciting urge go first-rate steering, road-holding and braking. This combination of virtues enables the fleet-footed Jag. to contradict the theory that a fast sports car is useless on Britain's narrow, winding, congested roads.

You may not be able to get up to 100 m.p.h. as often as you would like, but the Jag.'s rapid speed build-up in any gear enables you to maintain impressively high average speeds. The steering is so light and accurate and the brakes so efficient, that you can with perfect safety carry out manœuvres in traffic streams that are denied to drivers of cars less lively and with inferior stopping power.

Nipping past the car in front and neatly pulling into the restricted space in front of it, you soon find yourself at the head of the queue. And it 's all done in perfect safety, with nothing but admiration—tinged with a little envy, perhaps—from the drivers of the slower cars you have overtaken.

The XK has torsion bars for the independent front springing, twin carburetters and a 15-gallon petrol tank, with a red warning light which winks at you from the dash when fuel is beginning to run low. Overall fuel-consumption is about 18 m.p.g., though you can get 20 or more cruising at a sedate and restrained 65 on the open road. The XK costs £1,078, plus £600 purchase tax. Its numerous successes in races and other competitions at home and abroad are the finest advertisement it could have.

The 1½-litre Riley was designed to meet a very different need. Here is a comfortable family saloon that will take five adults, and which—according to how it is driven—does between 25 and 30 miles to the gallon. Yet its well-designed 1½-litre engine gives a remarkably good performance and it handles like the thoroughbred it is, with steering, braking and gear-box control of a most sporting nature.

Here is a car of definite character. Some may say it is old-fashioned in its general lines and that it is not likely to extend its appeal among overseas motorists until it has been re-styled. But in Britain, at any rate, there are still many thousands of motorists who like a car that has not completely surrendered its soul to the transatlantic cult.

The Riley has a distinctive British look about it. It has a vertical radiator grille, all four mudguards have retained their separate identity, and the sidelights, mounted on the front wings, send back a homely red glow to show you that they are still working.

A great deal of racing experience has gone into the evolution of the 1½-litre Riley's 4-cylinder, overhead-valve engine, which develops 55 brake horse-power at peak revs. of 4,500 a minute. This compact engine gives a real sports-car performance, with lively acceleration and an effortless cruising speed of 60-65 miles an hour.

A central gear-change lever, nicely situated, controls a four-speed box, there is a 12½-gallon petrol tank, torsion-bar independent springing is used at the front and the jacking points are conveniently situated under the bumper over-riders at front and rear. The 1½-litre Riley costs £860, plus £479 purchase tax.

So Sydney Allard chalks up another rally victory. He himself was not driving the 5¼-litre two-seater Allard which won the class for open cars in the R.A.C. rally, but he is, nevertheless, entitled to a goodly share of the glory of Godfrey Imhof's magnificent performance.

It was a popular win, and in some ways unexpected, for forty-year-old "Goff"—as Imhof is known to everybody in the fraternity of sporting motorists—was lying fifth in his class before the final test was taken.

This was a speed and regularity test staged on the delightful Oliver's Mount circuit overlooking the town of Scarborough, where the rally ended.

Competitors had to cover two sections, each seven-tenths of a mile long, as fast as they could and, as far as possible, in the same time. The first section was mostly uphill, with a hairpin bend and a couple of right-angled turns. The second section was largely downhill, and the drivers had to study their stop-watches very carefully.

Imhof's powerful V-8 Cadillac engine was in its element as it roared round the first hairpin and up the steep slope beyond, and Goff's considerable experience as a trials driver enabled him to restrain his own and the car's exuberance on the second section. He finished with only .8 of a second's difference between his two times: 59.8 secs. and 59 secs.

The best performance in a closed car was put up by Frenchman Marcel Becquart, of Annecy, in a 1½-litre Jowett Javelin. He had intended driving the Farina-bodied Jowett Jupiter with which he came fifth in this year's Monte Carlo rally, but this was ruled to be a non-standard car, and so ineligible for the R.A.C. Rally.

So at the last moment he borrowed a Jupiter from Mr. Roy Lunn, chief designer of the Jowett Company, who went with him as co-driver. The team prize was again won by the 2-litre Vanguard-engined Morgans, in the face of strong competition from 3½-litre Jaguar XK120's, which are such an attraction, these days, in any rally.

The rally involved a run of 1,770 miles through England, Wales and Scotland, and, apart from the special tests, the route itself provided a severe trial for the 240 cars which set out from Hastings and Scarborough. There were thirty-nine retirements and four drivers were disqualified. Two of these exceeded the 40 m.p.h. maximum average set by the rally organisers as part of their plan to encourage safe and courteous driving by all competitors.

One of them was a woman driver. They were caught in a secret R.A.C. speed trap between Kendal and Scarborough, the cars being timed over a distance of 105 miles. Seventeen other drivers were penalised for alleged breaches of the Highway Code: such offences as failing to stop at a halt sign or not keeping inside a white line on a corner.

R.A.C. officials and police officers in plain clothes kept watch for breaches of the Code at secret observation points, and the offending drivers were not told they had been penalised until they reached Scarborough. Some competitors took a poor view of this "snooping," but they had all been given fair warning of what might happen if they did not play the game.

Some rally competitors—only a very small proportion of the total—seem to think the ordinary rules of the road have been withdrawn when they go a-rallying. They go too fast, they do not always take reasonable care, and they show scant consideration for other road-users. The R.A.C., like the *Daily Telegraph*, who sponsored the rally, want to stamp this out. They feel that if this is not done there may be a public outcry of such strength that rallies may be banned.

Talking about road courtesy. . . . The Automobile Association have just issued a little booklet of do's and dont's for careful motorists which I find very interesting, but about which some motoring friends hold other opinions.

It contains a list of slogans, which are illustrated by that clever artist Barry Appleby, who, naturally, uses his familiar light touch to drive home some of the suggested courtesy rules. For instance, he has one car going against the traffic lights, to the natural surprise and annoyance of the driver—duly registered in Appleby's sketch—while another dim-looking motorist is giving a hand-signal on one side of the car while his trafficator gleams a dubious warning on the other.

The criticism is that road accidents, which take an all-too-large toll of life every day, should not be treated flippantly. I do not think this treatment at all flippant. Any method of drawing people's attention to the need for courteous driving is quite legitimate, in my opinion. Horror pictures (like the ghastly widow we once had on the hoardings) would not have tempted me to read the A.A. booklet. Appleby's drawings did.

CHECK-POINT ON THE KIRKSTONE PASS: Cars assembled at the celebrated vantage-point, 1,500 ft. up in the Lake District, during the recent 1,770-mile R.A.C. Car Rally. The route provided a severe trial for the 240 cars which set out from Hastings and Scarborough. Special emphasis was laid upon adherence to the Highway Code, and, as a result, some competitors were caught in a speed trap.

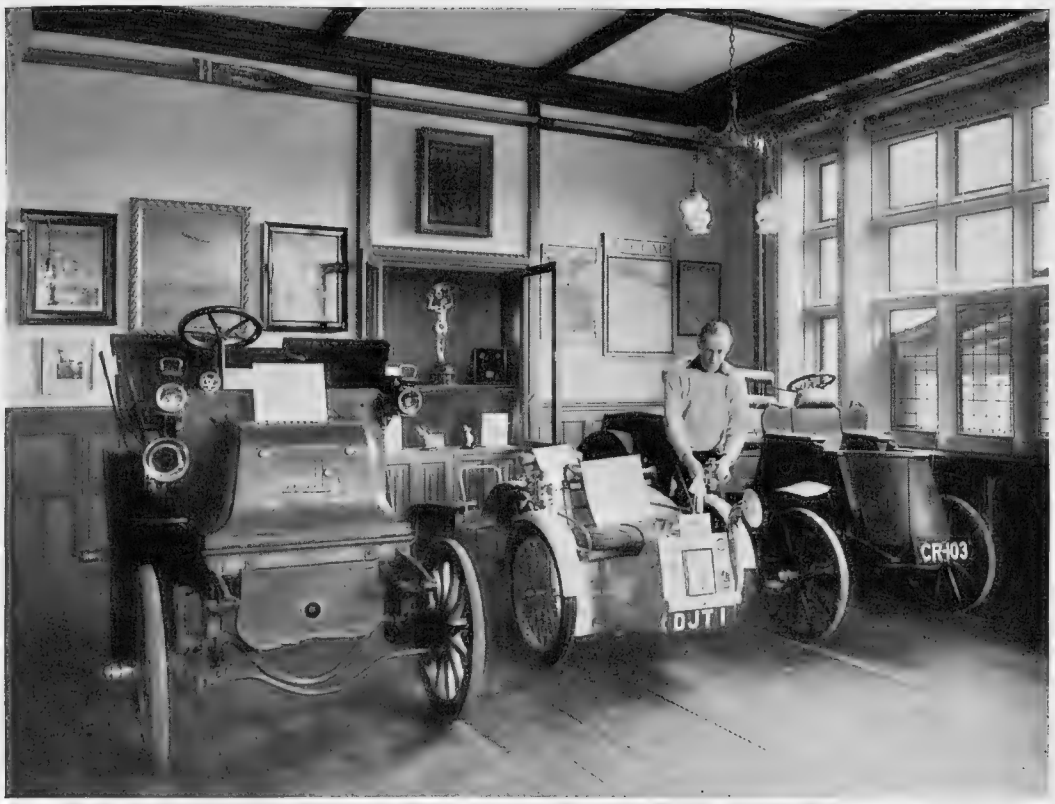
TAKING THE PRECIPITOUS HILL TO THE CHECK-POINT ON THE KIRKSTONE PASS: E. I. Appleyard, of Leeds, seen at the wheel of his Jaguar.

ARGENTINA'S MOTORING ACE IN BRITAIN: Juan Fangio (left), greeted by Raymond Mays when he arrived in this country to test Britain's 16-cylinder B.R.M. with a view to driving it in the leading European speed races during the coming international season.

THE CHANGING LINE IN CARS

FROM AN 1895 TRI-CAR TO ULTRA-MODERN RACING CARS

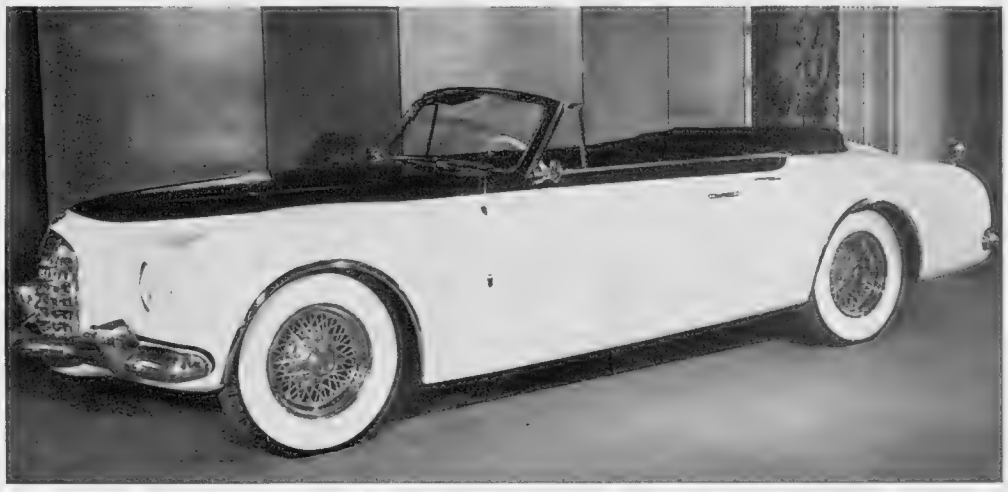
A Car Museum in a Stately House; The New Chrysler C 200; And Other Motoring News in Pictures



THE MONTAGU MOTOR-CAR MUSEUM—A MEMORIAL TO A PIONEER OF MOTORING : Lord Montagu arranges an exhibit in the museum, which he has named after his father, at Palace House, Beaulieu, in the New Forest. The three cars are an 1898 Daimler; a 6-h.p. Leon Bollée tri-car of 1895, which is the oldest running car in England, and an 1898 Benz. In the showcase in the background is the Montagu Trophy, which was presented by Lord Montagu's father to competitors in the Gordon Bennett race at the beginning of the present century.

OUTSIDE LORD MONTAGU'S HOME, WHICH HE HAS NOW OPENED TO THE PUBLIC : The twenty-five-year-old peer with his two cars, one a Zephyr Six and the other a De Dion Bouton 1903 6-h.p. car which has been in his family for forty years and which he still uses for his tours around the estate. The licensing plates bear consecutive registration numbers. The late Lord Montagu was the first person to take King Edward VII for a drive. Included in the veteran car museum, now open to the public, are photographs and relics of the days of early motoring. Another museum at Palace House portrays the history of Buckler's Hard (on Beaulieu River), now a yachting centre, but which in the eighteenth century was a famous shipbuilding yard, and where many of Nelson's men-o'-war were built of Beaulieu oak. Palace House has been the residence of Lord Montagu's ancestors since 1538.

THIS "JETMOBILE" TOOK TWO YEARS TO BUILD : Mr. Richard Harp, a sports enthusiast of Boonsboro, Maryland, is seen at the controls of his racing car at the International Motor Sports Show at Grand Central Palace, New York. The oddly designed car recently won first prize at a show in Washington. It has a four-cylinder rear engine with hydra-matic shift and is said to be capable of reaching 120 miles per hour.



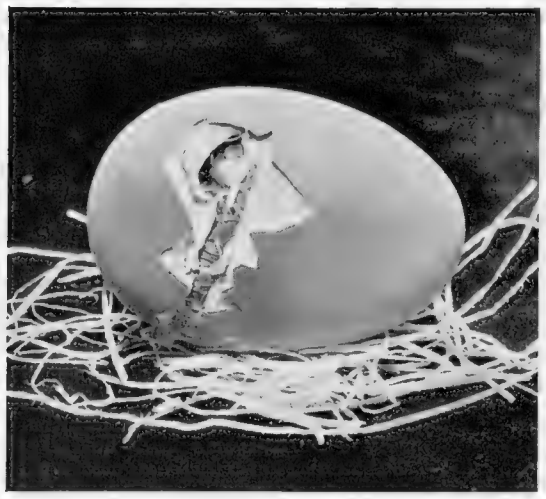
CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S C 200 CONVERTIBLE MAKES ITS DEBUT AT THE STARS AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL : Designed in Detroit by Chrysler Engineers, the C 200 was built in Italy and arrived in New York after a transatlantic crossing in the S.S. *Constitution*. It is described as the newest American experimental car, and is powered by a Standard Chrysler fire-power V8 engine.

A RACING CAR WITHOUT A REAR-AXLE DIFFERENTIAL GEAR : The N.S.U. racing car is pushed into a starting position at Grenzlandring, Germany, during a record-breaking attempt. The car, driven by two Frankfurt racing drivers, Georg von Opel and Ferdi Lehder, recently failed to break a small-car racing record. Although the car is capable of a speed of about 124 miles an hour, the drivers had difficulties in turning corners

AT THE END OF A ROUGH VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU : These are some of the thirty-one new cars which were badly damaged when the *Hong Kong Transport* ran into bad weather outside San Francisco. The cars, loaded on top of 2,050 tons of rain-soaked iron ore, were tossed about in the hold during the journey. Members of the U.S. Coastguard located what was left of twenty-eight cars, and then continued to look for pieces of the other three.

MARVELS FROM AMERICA

The Hatching of a Chick at a Chicago Museum; a Three-legged Speed-boat; Dwarf Trees in California



THE BIRTH OF A CHICK: The four pictures above, showing various stages in the hatching of a chick, were taken at the Eastertide chick-hatching display at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. The incubation of a chicken's fertilised egg takes about twenty-one days. The embryo rapidly develops, drawing nourishment through a vascular tissue from the yolk and protected by a dome-like membrane which contains fluid and acts like a water cushion. When development is complete the chick, taking air from the little sac you will find always at one end of your breakfast egg, begins to struggle and peck at the shell. Presently a crack appears and the chick, breaking through the inner membrane and attacking the brittle shell with its hard, pointed beak, struggles slowly through. The down covering the chick is still wet, but very soon it dries and transforms the young bird into the fluffy and helpless creature seen in the bottom picture.

"WATER HAZARD IV"—THE THREE-LEGGED BOAT: Mr. Allyn B. ("Hap") Hazard, of San Gabriel, California, is seen at the controls of the boat he has designed to travel above the water on three legs. At the end of each leg is a small "wing" or "foil," which raises the boat above the surface when travelling at speed. With its 16-h.p. outboard motor, *Water Hazard IV* can travel at speeds of up to 40 m.p.h., since so little of the driving force is expended in overcoming water resistance. The designer claims that his device works equally well in rough water as in smooth, and that the hull of the boat is subject to no damaging blows from the waves, since it travels well above the surface.

DEMONSTRATING THE ACTION OF "WATER HAZARD'S" LEGS: The designer, Mr. Hazard, shows the lifting action of the water against the "foil" fixed to the end of one of the speedboat's three legs.

THE THREE-LEGGED BOAT IN ACTION: With the designer at the controls *Water Hazard IV* rises above the water as she picks up speed during trials at Long Beach, California.

CLEAR ABOVE THE SURFACE, "WATER HAZARD IV" TRAVELS AT FULL SPEED: This head-on view of the boat shows how water resistance is practically overcome as the entire hull rides well above the surface.

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF DWARF TREES IN CALIFORNIA: Mr. Fred Kaye (left) and Mr. Jack Catlin, of Montrose, California, are seen inspecting their collection of 350 dwarf trees. The collection is on public display and the owners are popularising the ancient Japanese art of growing miniature trees. The collection includes pine, fir, beech, cedar, maple, peach, and many other kinds of trees. Most of them are between 25 and 300 years old. According to Mr. Kaye, there is no special secret in growing dwarf trees. The technique consists of root confinement and pruning the growth, both above and below ground. Some fine specimens of Japanese dwarf trees were brought to the United States by returning servicemen after the Second World War.

A 300-YEAR-OLD DWARF TREE: This Japanese red pine went to America from Japan in 1892. It is one of the collection at Montrose, California.

A DWARF PEACH-TREE IN FULL BLOOM: Tommy Kaye, seven-year-old son of the grower, examines a dwarf peach-tree which bears edible fruit.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FIRST NOVELS WITH A PUNCH

Mr. Wilfred Cook, in "The Amateurs," and Mr. Frank Hewitt, in "Trust Company," Reveal Abounding Promise

TO write a story that is almost free from comment, told for the greater part in terms of action and speech, is a very remarkable feat, and takes more skill than the writer of a first novel can usually command, so I am all the more happy to point out to you that Mr. Wilfred Cook has precisely this ability and shows it in his first book, THE AMATEURS (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.). This might have been a banal and even a sordid story, and the fact that it is neither is due to the talent of this new writer, for whose work I propose to watch carefully in future. An R.A.F. pilot meets a pretty girl at a dance during the war, they marry, and very shortly afterwards he goes on service overseas. Although she is technically faithful to him, she is also partly indifferent and a lamentable correspondent. When he comes home after the war and after nearly three years' absence, their readjustment to each other is slow, painful and, from their very natures, he jealous and ardent, she lethargic and frivolous, doomed to failure. Mr. Cook tells the tale of approaching disaster, which is no less poignant and real for being set against a small, suburban canvas. Recommended to all those who appreciate novels about people, rather than about figures.

TRUST COMPANY (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is another novel that is quietly but tautly written, and it, too, is a first novel, by a man whose life, up to now, has been spent in an industrial environment in nearly a dozen factories here and in the Middle West of America. Industrial relations have always deeply interested him, and he has written many articles of a technical kind for trade journals. Now, with this book, he is still writing about something which he thoroughly understands, and that background of experience makes all the difference to the quality of this story about the office and executive staff of a big Lancashire factory. Mr. Frank Hewitt still has something to learn about the novelist's craft, but being demonstrably a practical man, he will no doubt set himself to that task as well. In the meantime, this is a good, credible, workmanlike story and a definite contradiction of the theory that the ways of the industrial north are a dull subject for fiction.

STAGING A COME-BACK: Leni Riefenstahl, the former German movie film producer, seen at a Press conference in Munich at which she announced her plans for a new colour film on winter sports. Leni Riefenstahl, it may be recalled, received exclusive rights from Hitler to film the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin.

Farther north with Mr. Hilton Brown's novel, which purports to be the story of a Scottish summer, though unusual in the fact that it includes both a fierce heatwave and a sizeable ration of melodrama. WARM OR VERY WARM (Methuen. 15s.) is a forecast in meteorological language of the novel's content, for here you will find, whether in the Manse, the town council, the workshops or the homes of the self-made and self-opinionated, a constant and complicated battle of wits and natures and ambitions. As such the book is apt to be as sultry as its weather, even without its complement of murder and sudden deaths, but, nevertheless, Mr. Brown has managed to give it all an air of human possibility; people are as frustrated as this, people sometimes are as murderous, people are as pitiable. And for that impression of bitter reasonableness, the writer's achievement has been successful.

Two novels to be properly classed in the Romantic School are ENCHANTMENT (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) and VENTURE IN THE EAST (Alvin Redman. 10s. 6d.). The first has been described by its author, Mary Anne Gibbs, as a pastoral, and that is both a precise and a pretty choice of words. The story is set in the reign of that eccentric old gentleman, King George III, and is written with grace and wit enough to deserve both its title and its description. Mr. Bruce Lancaster writes of more solid stuff, and the *Venture* in question takes place in seventeenth-century Japan, when the Dutch East India Company had a rewarding but still precarious foothold in that hardly-known land, and when white women risked their lives in travelling there. Lusty adventure and with a real impression of authenticity, however highly coloured.

There has been this week a batch of really good mystery and detective stories, as my fellow-fans will be glad to hear. First, not only because of its alphabetical order, is Miss Christianna Brand's LONDON PARTICULAR (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), which I read slowly and delectably to enjoy it the longer. I hope, incidentally, that it is recognised that this lady is in the very first rank of mystery-story writers? A London particular, as good Dickensians will know, is the thickest kind of London fog, and the first murder in this story takes place on just such a night, when the air seemed so opaque that only a murderer was able to see his hand in front of his face. It is a story that is involved without being in the least obscure and exciting enough to reconcile one to a real pea-souper. Or so one may feel reading it on a spring day. In any case, a winner.

Ellery Queen's CALENDAR OF CRIME (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) contains twelve detective stories—one for each month of the year, and although very uneven in quality, they are well worth reading. The February story, for instance, about some George Washington relics is full of useful information about Master Queen's little ways (which include a brutal disregard for other people's physical comfort), but its solution will be obvious to even the dimmest wit long before it bursts on Queen's practised intellect, and that seems, to put it mildly, a pity. Many of the other stories, however, make up for this lapse, and the April story, with its sly fun at the detective's expense, and the September story, are very good indeed.

THE GRINNING GISMO (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), though I was never quite clear about the significance of the title, is certainly another one for your list. Mr. Samuel W. Taylor has planted his story in San Francisco and the near-by mountains, and has written it with a very high degree of ingenuity, although the reader may be able to distribute the guilt and innocence a little earlier in the book than Mr. Taylor can have wished. But it is picturesque, not unexciting, and has at least one really first-class twist to its plot.

Mr. Cecil Freeman Gregg is anything but a 'prentice hand at this type of literature, and ACCIDENTAL MURDER (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) shows just how skilfully he can combine the apparent bluff limitations of that familiar detective, Inspector Higgins, with a plot that is effectively tortuous as it is feasible. I liked the theatre setting, too, and the natural ease of the dialogue, whether it comes, so to speak, from a cop or a robber. High marks for this one, and, as ever, to the Inspector.

FRENCH STRIKES OIL (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) deals, as perhaps I need not explain, with a further adventure of another hero on the side of the Law, Inspector French, and is written in Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts's crispest style, which helps the plot along smartly, though sometimes at the expense of the naturalistic idiom. There can be no doubt of Mr. Crofts's object in this series of detective novels: it is to thrill, to surprise and to satisfy by his own blend of suspense, fear and logical deduction. In the present book he achieves all this yet once more.

Sometimes a novel will open with one sentence that gives an immediate impression of the setting, the *tempo* and even the type of story it is going to be. Mr. James Wellard has done this trick in exactly eighteen little words, and I quote them to see if you will agree: "I had not been in the oasis half an hour," he writes, "before I knew that I was too late." DEEP IS THE NIGHT (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is as unashamedly dramatic as that, and is about the love of an Ouled Naïl for the son of an American judge. Not bad, either.

BLIND VICTORY (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.) is an extraordinary book, with Phillips Oppenheim overtones, which yet tells a documented story of one of the strangest episodes of the war. Mr. J. Lonsdale Bryans writes of behind-the-scenes activities undertaken by him from August 1939, and continued till the fourth year of the war, with the object of bringing the war to a close by contacting members of the German underground movement and planning the overthrow of Hitler.

THE NAKED ISLAND (Werner Laurie. 15s.) is a war book that is in turn moving, horrifying, humorous and, taken altogether, rather wonderful. Its author, Mr. Russell Braddon, fought in the Malayan campaign, that he describes here from its beginning to its end, then as a private soldier endured years of imprisonment at the hands of the Japanese. With him in the prison camp was the artist Ronald Searle, and some of his drawings made at the time and under those terrible conditions, are reproduced. It would be difficult to speak too highly of this book, which has been conceived in a passion of rage and pity: rage against the men whose incompetence in planning led to the Malayan débâcle, and pity for the men with whom, for year after year, he suffered.

Mr. Ewan Butler and Mr. Gordon Young have written what they aptly describe as a "troubled life" of Hermann Goering, under the title of MARSHAL WITHOUT GLORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). The purpose of the book, as the authors put it, is neither to excuse nor to condemn, but to reassemble, however imperfectly, the fragments which have made up a human existence, so that the reader may deduce the character and temperament of the subject, the influences which turned the man into a hero or a criminal and the motives for his actions. The Goering who emerges from this work is something far worse than grotesque, the figure of whom the judge at the Nuremberg trials said: "His guilt is unique in its enormity."

THE FRENCH MALAISE

Alan Houghton Brodrick's New Volume, "Prospect of France"

Many people are asking to-day, as they have asked for decades past, what is the matter with France? Why do her Governments come and go with such monotonous regularity? Why is there no apparent stability either in administration or finance? There is no ready-made answer to these problems, but the visitor who probes even slightly beneath the surface of everyday life will find facts that are revealing and deeply disturbing. In PROSPECT OF FRANCE (Hutchinson. 18s.) Alan Houghton Brodrick takes us on a journey through France, through the château country and down to the remote provinces of the south-west, Languedoc and the Rousillon, a land of rugged beauty, of Romanesque architecture, and a land of problems which are really symptomatic of the malaise of agricultural France. One of the great problems of the south-west, says Mr. Brodrick, is the annual over-production of wine. This, allied with crushing Excise duties in other lands, means hard times alike for the French Treasury and the French grower. At the other end of the scale the author sees the menace of under-production in the mining industry. A miner in the Pas de Calais, he instances, cuts 0·9 tons of coal in the same time that a Pennsylvanian miner cuts 5·3 tons. In the mines there is, in fact, a considerable waste of man-power, as also there is on the land, where in the Vendée and other provinces oxen still do the ploughing and methods of husbandry are hopelessly out of date. It must not be thought that Mr. Brodrick tackles his subject in a spirit of stern criticism of France. He is a lifelong admirer of the country. He knows its ways and its people. When he writes about any single aspect of France, whether in praise or in condemnation, he writes as a true friend of France, as one who knows the things of the intellect and the spirit which she contributes to a chaotic world. He makes it clear, however, that she cannot go on much longer on the same ill-planned economic path that has its roots in the last century.

Two other travellers with a discerning eye are Marjorie Banks and Edward Ward, stalwarts of the B.B.C., whose most prolonged and ambitious assignment was a recent journey across the United States in which they travelled in a scarlet car (a traffic-stopper in itself) and accompanied by their recording apparatus (which, as they say, usually brought local life to a standstill). THE U.S. AND US (Allen Wingate. 18s.) is a lively description of those travels, which took them into many corners of the land, into the big steel towns of the East, the tobacco plantations of the "deep South," and into the oil-fields of thriving, go-ahead Texas. Perhaps their visit to Houston, that mushroom city of the Texan plain, was the most remarkable and revealing experience, for they found an English working-class family enjoying a joint income of £120 per week. Father, an ex-regimental sergeant-major of the British Army, was earning between £20 and £30 a week in tips alone as night bell captain at a fashionable hotel; one of his sons had £20 a week as a bell-hop working under him. The three things which have caused Houston to grow so quickly and to thrive so exceedingly are oil, cotton, and the ship canal. How this inland city of twenty-five years ago has become the third largest seaport in the United States is indeed a typically Texan story, somewhat larger than life and very difficult indeed to believe. Marjorie Banks and Edward Ward have indeed collaborated in producing a most readable book, and *The U.S. and Us* should certainly play its part in fostering Anglo-American understanding—as, indeed, did the tour which the authors so happily describe.

A travel book of rather a different character is Jacques Chegaray's GOING MY WAY (Arthur Barker. 15s.), a racy description of the high adventure the author encounters in "thumbing his way round the world." En route, M. Chegaray earned money as a caricaturist, as a peeler of potatoes and a washer-up of dishes. He writes with the skill of a trained observer, of a French journalist of experience, but some readers may feel that the journey is too hurried and the space allotted to each country hardly adequate, as witness 3½ pages devoted to Guatemala, the same for Salvador, and eleven for the vast Republic of China. However, there is never a dull moment in this swiftly-moving book.

Two volumes with much the same theme are THE HERITAGE OF EARLY BRITAIN (Bell. 12s.), the story of Britain from prehistoric times to the coming of the Normans, and PREHISTORIC IRELAND (Batsford. 16s.), by Joseph Raftery. The first-named volume is the work of several authors, and is based on a course of lectures given at Cambridge in the Lent term of 1949. They were organised by Martin Charlesworth, who is one of the leading contributors to the volume. Dr. Raftery is a member of the staff of the National Museum of Ireland and a well-known authority on the pre-history of his country.

Here is a book with a good idea, but a good idea that goes astray because it is not carried through with the thoroughness it deserves. OPEN TO VIEW (Ernest Benn. 15s.) is the work of Barbara Freeman, who describes English country houses which can be visited and how they can be found. The maps and illustrations are really excellent, as also are the facts given about hours of opening, prices, etc., but the historical information about each particular property is very modest indeed in this otherwise well-conceived and practical handbook.

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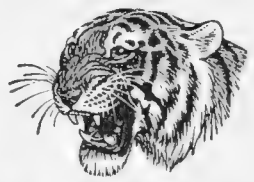

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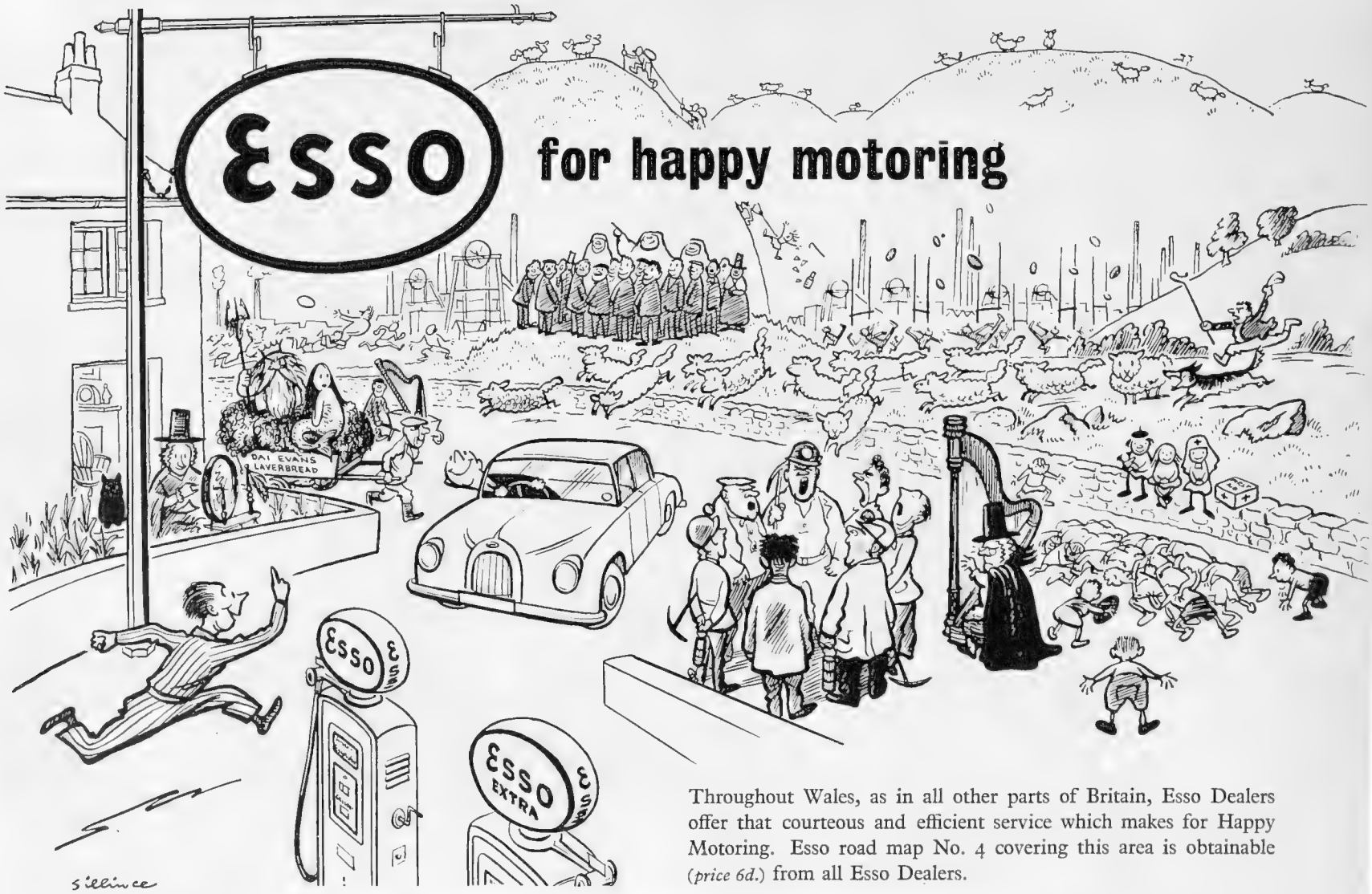

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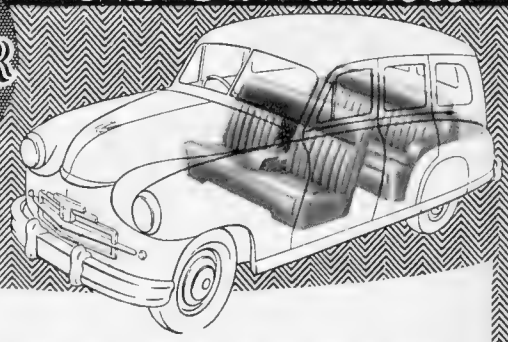

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Maintain the comfort, performance and dependability of your Hillman Minx with the craftsman-service which only Hillman Dealers are equipped to provide.

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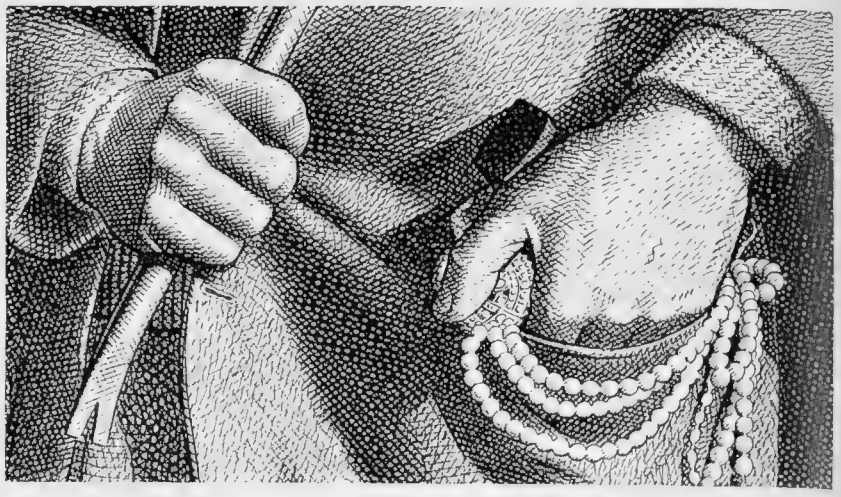

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All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available

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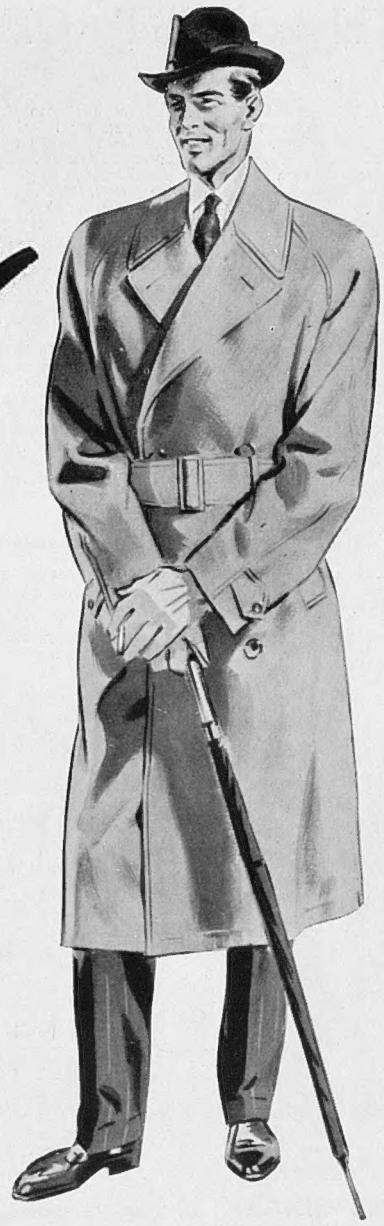

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You don't want statistics to tell you the height of satisfaction, nor a plummet to sound the depths of contentment. You don't even want to know how long and wide is our experience in blending fine tobaccos. You just want an Embassy cigar, and peace to enjoy its mild Havana flavour. What more could any man want?

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MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. E.C.7.M.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

"GOOD, Solid Comfort." I have chosen this as my theme, borrowed from *The Birch Hotel*, at Haywards Heath, in Sussex, for I feel that it typifies what a number of people are looking for these days. In fact, it applies to hotels which do not stress a dance band, organised amusements and late-night revelling, but emphasise a restful atmosphere, the comfort of a country house, and the impression of a home as opposed to that of an hotel.

I know full well that some hotels, with their residential flavouring, tend to become stodgy, but this is not the case at *The Birch*, because, being a family hotel, ample facilities are available for the energetic tastes of the younger generation. Here, the young people can avail themselves of the two squash courts, a swimming pool, two hard tennis courts and golf within two miles, without intruding in any way upon the more leisured pastimes of their elders. There are times, of course, when even the exuberance of youth is appreciative of good, solid comfort, as exemplified by deep-seated chairs and beds designed for slumber, and these, too, are well provided for at *The Birch*.

Being only fifteen miles from Brighton and forty from London, which can be reached in forty-five minutes by fast electric train service, this hotel has a special attraction for Britishers and their families, on long-term furloughs from overseas.

A good hotel is always too individual to have its exact counterpart elsewhere, but there are plenty of other places dotted around the country, where the same standards of comfort prevail. As another example, I have in mind *Rossley Manor*, at Andoversford, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, which this year celebrates its twenty-first anniversary as a Country Club. The pioneer of country clubs in this country, its strength lies in the fact that its founder, Cecil Coxwell-Rogers, is the descendant of the Rogers family who were associated with *Rossley* as far back as the reign of Edward VI, and so the finer points of good living have been handed down through the centuries. For this reason, character, charm and a happy environment prevail at *Rossley Manor*. It makes another admirable base for family holidays or prolonged furloughs, for in the grounds members have at their disposal a squash court, a heated swimming pool, hard tennis court and a croquet lawn, and with Cheltenham only 3½ miles distant, entertainments and shops are close at hand.

"Good, Solid Comfort." In many parts of Britain are other country houses that can qualify in that respect, for they reflect a form of traditional comfort that only the British can produce. Here are a few of them: *Langdale Chase Hotel*, Windermere, in the Lake District; *Stratton House Hotel*, Cirencester, in the Cotswolds; *The Wentworth Hotel*, Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk coast; *The Manor House Country Club* at Castle Combe, in Wiltshire, and, over the Scottish border, *Southwick House*, at Southwick, by the Solway coast.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Here is Mediterranean living without Continental currency . . . 5 acres of gardens sloping down to your private sea frontage . . . your own tennis, squash, ballroom. Write for brochure G.

It's a sunny-go-round at the

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THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

BANCHORY, Kincardine, RAEMOIR

A small luxury Hotel on Deeside. Friendly country house environment and an abundance of good food. 20-bedrooms, 10-bathrooms. Golf (3-miles), Fishing, Rough-Shooting (3,000-acres). Riding, expert tuition. Ballroom Hotel shooting-brake meets trains. Tel.: Banchory 122.

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A luxury hotel in the perfect setting on a private island of 30 acres, 400 yards from the South Devon coast. Ideal for Spring or Summer holidays. Write to the Manager for full particulars.

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LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL

First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; P.O. 'phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Under personal supervision of Managing Director. Apply Manager. Hendon 1456.

The Stafford Hotel

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Nigel Tangye offers you the perfect holiday by the sea. Private steps to Atlantic surf-bathing and golden sands. 10 acres of private coast-line grounds. Own farm produce; cream milk. Much reduced terms for May, June. Tel.: Newquay 2949.

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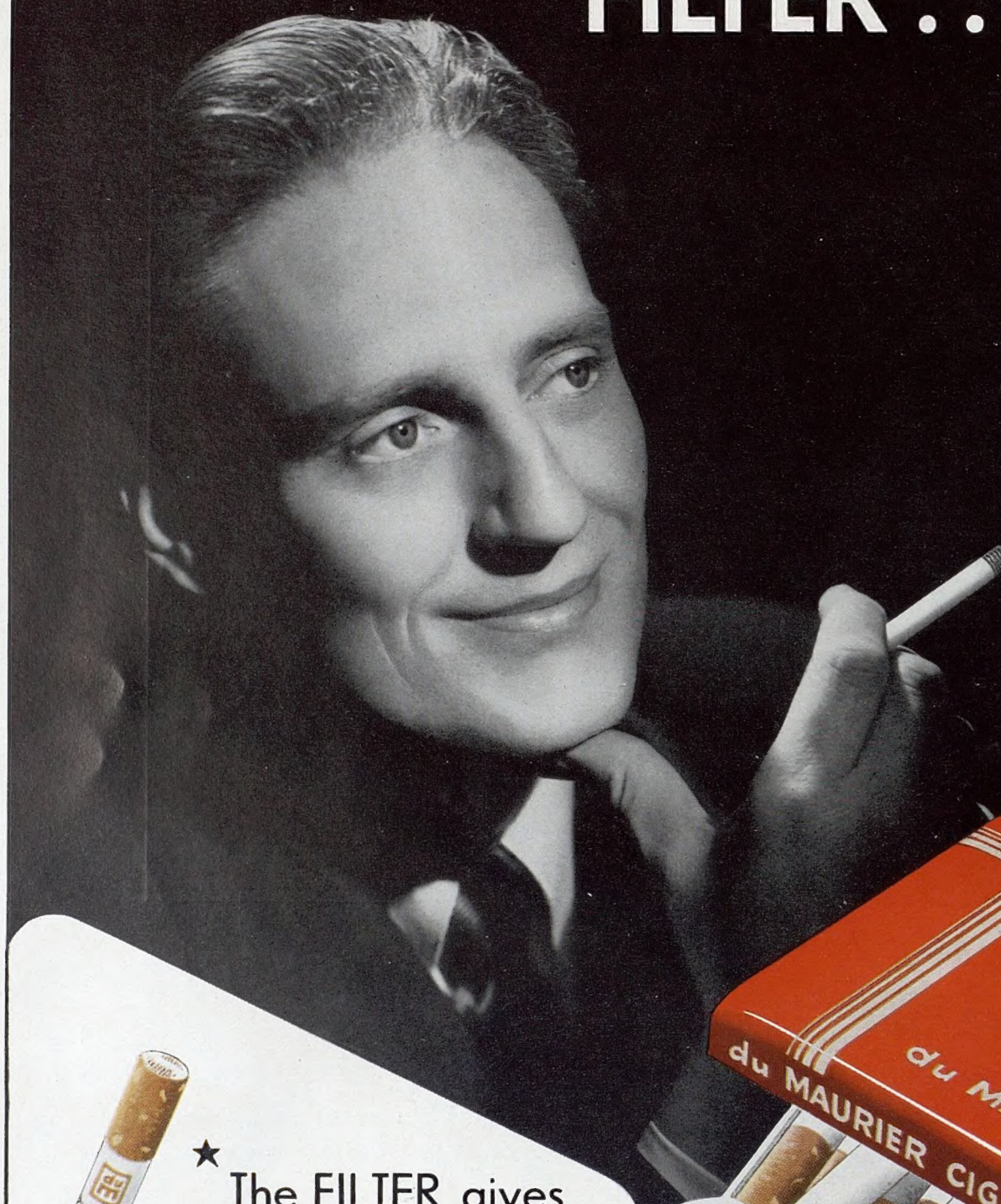

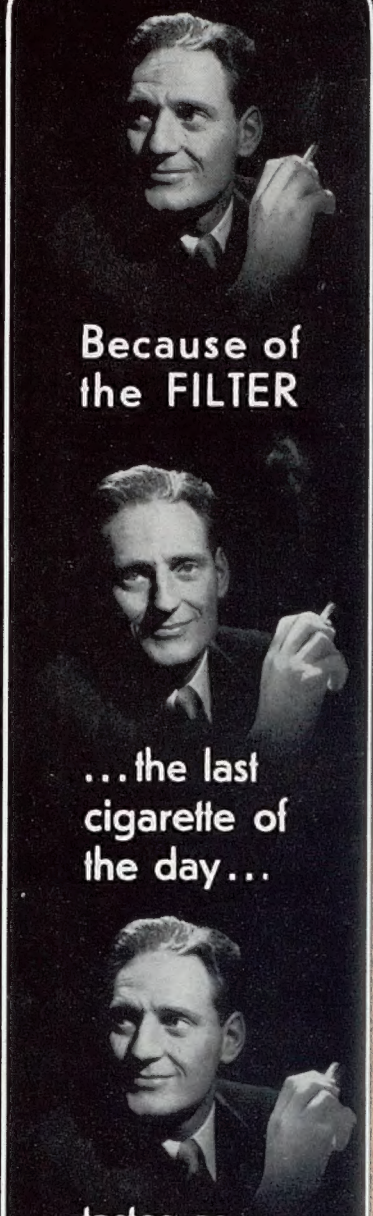

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